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THE

MYSTERIOUS

Gentleman Farmer;

OR, THE

DISGUISES OF LOVE.

VOLUME II.

THE

MYSTERIOUS
Gentleman Farmer;

OR,

THE DISGUISES OF LOVE:

A NOVEL.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

BY JOHN CORRY,

Author of "A Satyrical View of London," &c. &c.

VOL. II.

Love, various minds does variously inspire,
It stirs in gentle Nature's gentle fire,
Like that of incense on the altar laid;
But raging flames tempestuous souls invade;
A fire that ev'ry windy passion blows,
With Pride it mounts, and with Revenge it glows.

DRYDEN.

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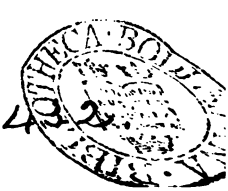

THE

MYSTERIOUS GENTLEMAN FARMER.

CHAPTER I.

Description of a modern man of pleasure—a philosophic female Society—eloquence of the president—rules of the society—female candidates for admission—intelligence respecting Lucinda.

WHILE the officers of justice were thus indefatigable in their endeavours to discover the unfortunate Lucinda, Mr. Sotheran was still more solicitous to rescue the ob-

ject of his tenderness from the evils which surrounded her. Apprehensive of the malignity of the vicious woman, who had once been his consort, towards her blooming victim, he went to London, and engaged all the influence of his respectable connections, to detect and trace the violators of justice. Among his friends, a Mr. Hartley was particularly active on this occasion. Hartley was at once a man of fashion and pleasure; had made a party at the profane orgies of the D*** of Q****, and another still more exalted personage, who contributed so liberally to the support of the Doe-skin club, where certain unfortunate females,

for

for a small gratuity, bounded through the evolutions of the dance free from the incumbrances of dress. The various temples of dissipation were accessible to Hartley, and many of the improvements in fashionable levity were the offspring of his fertile invention. He consequently was a favourite with the votaries of pleasure of both sexes, and every secret movement of the circles of high life was soon communicated to his inquisitive ear. Thus with a princely fortune, a good constitution, and abilities, which with proper application would have raised him to eminence among the literati of his country, this

careless man of fashion wasted his possessions and his life in the low gratifications of sensuality.

Yet, however censurable his life had been, it was unstained with atrocity; he was as faithful to his friends as indolence would permit, and he even urged his energies on particular occasions to promote the welfare of the objects of his esteem.

He felt the injuries of Sotheran, with indignation against the perpetrators of such an unheard of conspiracy, and instantly set his ingenuity to work to discover the haunts of those votaries of debauchery

chery who thus presumptuously outraged the best feelings of humanity. Nor were his exertions unsuccessful. In less than a week he called on Mr. Sotheran, at his lodgings in Old Bond-street, to acquaint him that he had discovered a nonpareil in the world of gallantry. "This, my dear fellow," said Hartley, "is indeed the age of improvement; many institutions have been established for the mitigation of human woe and the prevention of misery. The Society for the Suppression of Vice has already done much towards the reformation of the lower class, and perhaps in time it may venture to attack the strong

holds of old Scratch, established among us, who profess to act without controul; but as good and evil exist in the moral world, so it appears that even the benignant influence of virtuous establishments are now in danger of being counteracted by others of an opposite tendency. I have this morning made a new discovery in dissipation. Would you believe that an institution is organised for the promotion of cuckoldom?" "No," replied Sotheran, "that would be something new in the history of vice." "Well, Sir, I can ascertain the fact, and if you accompany me in disguise this even-

evening, I shall conduct you to the spot, where you will probably hear vice defended by the eloquence of the most elegant and charming Mrs. Sotheran." A glow of indignation for a moment brightened the cheek of Mr. Sotheran, who agreed to accompany his friend.

Mr. Hartley called on his friend in the evening, with intelligence that the society for the formation of vice were to hold their meeting at midnight; "an hour," said he, with a smile, "peculiarly favourable to the orgies of the vicious."

"Where church-yards yawn, and hell itself breathes out
"Contagion to the world."

"And how can you, my friend," replied Mr. Sotheran, "with a mind so superior to the low gratifications of sense, continue in a career of dissipation which must inevitably involve you in perdition?" "Habit, the force of habit," rejoined Hartley; "though to confess the truth, I am sometimes disgusted at the insipid sameness of folly, and the vileness of sensuality: you may, perhaps, make me a convert to temperance and reason. In the mean while let us go to Covent Garden theatre."

At

At the theatre Mr. Sotheran passed the tedious hours unamused and unhappy. The play was the Stranger, one of Kotzebue's immoral productions, the tendency of which is to palliate the enormity of conjugal infidelity. It was received throughout with approbation, by the unthinking part of the audience, which constituted a large majority; and the indecent behaviour of the girls of the town, and the prominent exhibition of demi-reps in the boxes, convinced Mr. Sotheran of the rapid progress of sensuality.

From the play-house Mr. Sotheran and his friend were conveyed in

chairs to a back door of a spacious building in Park-lane, where they were admitted by a servant whom Hartley had stationed there. The gentlemen observing the most profound silence, were conducted into a small apartment contiguous to a large room where the female society held their weekly meeting. Several small crevices had been made in the partition, by which a distinct view of the place where the society sat, was obtained, and the gentlemen dreading the danger of detection, locked and bolted the door of their place of confinement.

They

They continued enveloped in darkness nearly an hour, when the sound of light footsteps announced the approach of the society. In a moment Mrs. Sotheran entered as lady president, attired in a transparent drapery of white, the emblem of innocence, which now embraced the forms of pollution. The rest of the members followed in her train, each bearing a taper in the right hand, and decorated in the loose garb of the meretricious.

The president ascended to her chair by six steps. It was decorated with a superb canopy; before her stood a large square piece

of bronze, with this inscription, "The Altar of Nature;" and on it were placed the busts of celebrated demi-reps.

After considerable altercation and pouting about precedence, the ladies, to the number of fifty, seated themselves at a long table in front of the altar; and when their volubility was silenced by the repeated efforts of the president, she arose, and with the most violent theatrical gesticulation, similar to that practised at Brandenburgh House, addressed the society.

"My beloved companions," she cried, "hail to our meeting! may the

the voice of nature prevail over the force of custom, and womankind, restored to their pristine liberty, act without the controul of those laws devised for their thraldom by tyranny. Our cause daily receives an accession of influence and energy, and numbers of ladies of distinguished rank are emulous of the honour of being admitted members of our free and easy society. Kotzebue is a host in our cause; Peter Pindar has contributed his mite; Lewis! (I could hug the dear fellow, though he smokes and drinks porter with blackguards), has by his Monk possessed the imaginations of our high-bred dames with the demon

of

of wantonness; nor would the exorcism of the Archbishop of Canterbury himself dispossess the dear devil, till he has conducted those daring asserters of female liberty into this magnanimous assembly." Here the president was interrupted by the reiterated applauses of her fair auditors. Inspired by their approbation, her eyes sparkled with the ardour of her sentiments, and she continued her address in a more elevated tone.

" It gives me particular pleasure, my dear friends, to inform you, that we have every thing to hope for from the liberality of the age. Several men of distinguished rank

are

are busied in promoting our establishment; a society like ours will keep them in countenance when they obey the dictates of nature, and pursue their career in what puling moralists call sensuality, but which I denominate happiness. By this way several of those friends to female freedom, who would wish to be thought moralists, and under the semblance of virtue are the cherishers of vice, have by their defence of the equality of the sexes, paved the way for a progress in wantonness. These gentlemen look one way and row another, and affect to be men of principle, when they are in reality our best friends.

Several

Several of them have volunteered their services in the Monthly Magazine, a pamphlet of which we ought to promote the circulation; strictures in our favour have embellished the Annual Review; the anonymous author of the Female Revolutionary Plutarch has done wonders in our favour; and by falsely exhibiting celebrated French ladies as embarked in our cause, he has excited the envy and imitation of many of our fair country women, who are like ourselves determined that no foreign females shall excel them in elevation of mind, or freedom of action. I have now to submit to your consideration the following rules, which

which have been digested by your committee, and had the honour of a revision by a prince."

Rules of the Philosophic Female Society.

1. As it has been demonstrated by the most acute reasoners, male and female, that the sexes are equal, it shall be a standing rule of this society, that we have as good a right to be vicious as those bipeds whom their own pride and usurpation have denominated lords of the creation.

2. No female is admissible into this philosophic society, who has been faithful to her yoke-fellow.

3. Any

3. Any member who is seen at church, or is found guilty of any indication of a return to what our enemies call virtue, shall be expelled this society for ever.

4. Every member shall endeavour to the utmost of her power to vitiate the morals of her unmarried, as well as married companions, and thus promote the objects of the society.

These rules were received with every mark of satisfaction, and ratified by the signatures of the fair members, after which the president examined her memoranda,

da, and proposed the following ladies for admission:

Mrs. Plume, the wife of Mr. Plume, furrier, who is now in her novitiate at Brighton, under the instructions of the Honorable Mr. ———.

Lady ———, who by the fabrication of an infamous report against a foreign princess, now resident near the metropolis, has boldly supported the influence of our liberal opinions. She has a double claim to admission, having conferred the honour of a cornuto on her lord, in return for his adorning her brows with a coronet.

The

The spirited and enterprizing, the honorable and elegant Mrs. W——, who may be stiled the cornucopia of cuckoldom, and whose repeated exertions in the establishment of the Wolstoncroftian and Robinsonian system of female philosophy, deserves a civic crown.

The water-drinking Mrs. S***, now at Cheltenham, who has long stood conspicuous as a promoter of gallantry.

These fair candidates for the honour of admission into a society so independent and magnanimous, were unanimously admitted, and

their

their names entered by the secretary upon the records of the institution.

The president then descended from the chair, and after a few minutes spent in desultory chit-chat, the members of the society separated at four o'clock in the morning, with mutual good wishes; and Mr. Sotheran and his friend were relieved from their temporary confinement.

"Well," exclaimed Hartley, "do you not think this a spirited association?" "It is a diabolical society," replied Sotheran, "and had I not witnessed the transaction,

I could not have believed that such unparalleled depravity existed in the world." Saying this, he parted with his gay and licentious companion, and returned with an aching heart and head to his lodgings, where he found Kelly waiting with impatience to communicate the result of his enquiries respecting the unfortunate Lucinda.

Kelly informed his master, that the keeper of a private receptacle for the insane, had confessed on his examination before the sitting magistrate at Bow-street, that Lucinda had been confined by him for several days, and two days previous to the hospital being visited by

by the officers, she was taken away by a man of fashion, who occasionally visited the place, and passed for a doctor. The name of this visitor was Melville."

Mr. Sotheran started up on hearing the name. "Execrable monster," cried he, "was it not enough that you had already wounded my honour in the most delicate part, but must you also deprive the woman I love of happiness!" Kelly intreated his master to be composed, and informed him that the police officers were then in pursuit of the villainous Melville, who would doubtless be brought to exemplary punishment.

This intelligence gave new energy to the exertions of Mr. Sotheran for the discovery of the innocent victim of intrigue. He sat up the remainder of the night, and with the dawn dispatched Kelly to assist in the search after Melville.

CHAP-

CHAPTER X.

Lucinda conveyed to France—escapes from her betrayer—is taken under the protection of Madame Vallery.

WHILE Sotheran was thus ardently engaged in the discovery of Lucinda Greenhill, she was transported to a distant region. The remorseless Melville, who, like most men of gallantry, considered the beauty of every unprotected woman as a lawful prize, had, under the pretext of assisting in her liberation, prevailed on her to escape with him from the lunatic hospital. It was thought expedient to escape by night, to elude pursuit, and the

unsuspicious Lucinda glad of an opportunity of regaining her freedom, considered that smiling deceiver as a deliverer, while he was practising the insidious arts of a betrayer.

With a palpitating heart and trembling limbs, Lucinda left the prison, and on finding herself on the outside of its high wall, she breathed an ejaculation of thanksgiving to heaven. Melville handed her into a post-chaise which instantly set out with a velocity which alarmed her, but her companion soothed her apprehensions with the assurance that he would restore her to her friends, and in return for her warm acknowledgments he disclaimed

claimed any merit for doing what he called an act of justice, with such a tone of assumed diffidence that she was delighted to find herself under the protection of a man of virtue.

About sunrise they stopped at an inn, where Melville ordered refreshments, and they afterwards continued their journey till noon, when they arrived in view of the sea-coast. Lucinda was surprised at this circumstance, but her wily betrayer explained to her, that in order effectually to evade the pursuit of her enemies it was necessary for them to proceed in a coaster to

Bristol, when on her arrival she might write to her father.

Lucinda's suspicion was lulled by this explanation; she stepped on board a small vessel, and was conducted by Melville into the cabin, where about half a dozen passengers were seated. As there was no female among them, Lucinda continued silent, and the gentle motion of the waves lulled her into a slumber, which was succeeded by a qualm of sea sickness. A little tea, prepared with great attention by Melville, operated as a restorative, and soon after sun-set the packet arrived at Calais.

When

When Lucinda went upon deck and beheld the town and port, she was terrified; she could not believe that the vessel had arrived at Bristol, and on turning to Melville for an explanation, he whispered—"When we get on shore I will tell you the reason of our coming hither." Lucinda impatient to be informed, hastily stepped on shore, and too soon discovered that she was landed in France. The language, dress, and appearance of the people left her no doubt of the fact;—she fainted!—and was carried to an adjacent hotel, where the usual means of recovery were tried with success.

With the return of sensibility she reproached her villainous betrayer, whose guilty soul was unable to meet the indignant glance of her virtuous eye. He urged in extenuation, her all-powerful beauty, but she despised his flattery, and rushing out of the apartment, run down stairs, entered the bar of the inn, and claimed the protection of the astonished hostess; but to her sorrow, found that their language was alike unintelligible to each other.

. . . . . .

The hostess, a good-natured woman, received her with tenderness and compassion, and placed her in a chair; she plainly perceived by her gestures

gestures and tears that the lovely stranger was in distress, though the cause was unknown; but the entrance of Melville, who claimed the fugitive as his disobedient wife, prevented the further interference of the French-woman. Melville endeavoured to soothe the anguish and terror of his destined victim, but in vain; and resolutely bent on her ruin, he ordered a post-chaise, resolving to proceed to Paris.

Lucinda, exhausted by the agony of her mind, and repeated fainting fits, was carried out of the hotel, and placed in the post-chaise at ten o'clock at night, an hour in which she formerly retired to repose in the

peaceful village of Norton. But she was now in a foreign country, whither she had been kidnapped by the villainy of a man of pleasure; and, to add to the misery of her situation, she was unacquainted with the language of the people, and thus deprived of the means of redress.

Her firm determination, however, was to perish before she should submit to the will of her unmanly betrayer, and she secretly besought the protection of Providence in the hour of dire extremity. She felt her spirits revive with her fortitude, and awaited with an earnestness bordering on distraction,

for

for the first favourable moment to escape from Melville, who had now informed her of his name, his alliance with a noble family, and his rank in the army. He also had the audacity to make her the offer of a settlement, on condition that she complied with his wishes, but to this infamous proposal she made no reply.

About midnight our travellers came to a large inn, where they changed horses. Lucinda feigned a total exhaustion of strength, and leaned against the side of the chaise. Melville repeatedly called for wine, but as the family had retired to rest he was unheard. Impatient at their

neglect, he jumped out of the vehicle and ran into the house, but he lost his fellow traveller in consequence of his impetuosity, for the moment that Lucinda found herself alone she opened the door on the opposite side gently, descended unhurt to the road, and proceeding with breathless eagerness along the rear of the inn, she escaped to the fields, when kneeling, she returned thanks to heaven for her deliverance.

She then listened and heard the voice of Melville, who, with loud execrations, and a lanthorn in his hand, appeared in search of her, accompanied by the post-boy. A friendly

friendly copse and the gleam of night screened the innocent fugitive from her pursuers, and she hastily proceeded over the fields for at least two miles, when the dawn displayed the face of Nature, and the rising sun roused the vintagers to their daily toil.

Some of the earliest of the peasants passed Lucinda, who returned their morning salutation with an inclination of her head. Her youth, beauty, and neat dress engaged their attention and excited their curiosity. They questioned her, but she did not understand their enquiries, and they passed on with

conjectures that she was either dumb or insane.

Fatigue and hunger had now nearly overpowered the fair fugitive, but the joy at finding herself out of the power of Melville, and the reviving influence of the morning air, enabled her to reach the entrance of an elegant demesne, where she hoped to meet with the protection of some fellow creature.

Most fortunately this demesne was the property of Madame Valbery, a widow lady of unblemished reputation, and a benevolent heart. Her hours were employed in a se-

ries

ries of beneficent actions, and although she was a Protestant, her Catholic neighbours held her in the highest veneration, and it was a common saying among the subjacent cottagers, that if ever a heretic was admitted to Paradise, Madame Vallery should find admission."

Lucinda reached a shrubbery at the entrance of the demesne, but she could proceed no farther. She sat down on a seat which was painted green, and placed there for the accommodation of the rambler. She reflected on her destitute situation, without money or friends, in a strange land, and overcome with fatigue, hunger, and thirst. The grief

grief which her parents, and her lover must feel also, afflicted her heart, and the spontaneous drops of sorrow bedewed her modest cheeks, now pale with grief, though recently overspread with the vermeil bloom of healthful beauty.

The porter at the entrance of the demesne, perceiving a stranger in the shrubbery, interrogated her on her business, but she was silent. Her tears, however, pleaded eloquently for the stranger, the man bowed, retired, and hastened to acquaint his lady with the incident.

Actuated

Actuated at once by that curiosity which is the constant inmate of the human breast, and by her wish to impart consolation to the afflicted, the lady immediately proceeded with two of her female servants to the spot where a destitute foreigner had sought refuge. Madame Vallery accosted the stranger, who, by a reply in English, feebly articulated, expressed her ignorance of the French language. As the lady was not unacquainted with the language of a people whom she held in high estimation from the congeniality of her religious sentiments, she conversed with Lucinda in English, and finding that she was at once destitute and innocent, she offered

offered her an asylum in her hospitable mansion.

The lovely fugitive was supported by the servants to a neat apartment, where a cheering cup of coffee revived and re-invigorated her spirits.

A change of dress was afterwards sent to the stranger, and she was conducted to a bedchamber, where a few hours of sound sleep operated as an effectual restorative.

On awaking in the afternoon, the late train of unpleasant events appeared to her remembrance like a disagreeable vision, but reflection convinced her of the sad reality,

and

and the distance between her and her dearest friends. Gratitude to Heaven for her escape from ruin was the predominant feeling of her heart, and she trusted with confidence that the same gracious Being, who had hitherto preserved her virtue inviolate, and who was Himself the source of all virtue, would eventually restore her to her country and friends. The benignity of the lady, under whose roof she now found protection, was grateful to her mind, and, in some degree, removed that narrow prejudice against the French, which the people of England in general imbibe with their mother's milk.

Lucinda

Lucinda rose, and dressing herself in the cleanly garb, which the liberality of her protectress had provided for her, she returned to the apartment into which she had been conducted in the morning, and in a short time a note in English from Madame Vallery requested the favour of her company.

She was ushered into a splendid dining-room, where the family, consisting of the lady and four daughters, received her with the politeness peculiar to liberal minds. The urbanity of this amiable family, in some degree, calmed the perturbations of Lucinda's mind, for as she was unacquainted with the luxuries

luxuries of opulence, she felt disconcerted on sitting down to a dinner served in a style of magnificence.

Her native good sense, however, soon reconciled her to her situation, and the propriety and elegant simplicity of her manners delighted the mother and the daughters, who, though accustomed to the highest polish of French manners, knew how to value the untaught sincerity and decency of the virtuous rustic.

In the course of the afternoon Madame Vallery entered into an interesting conversation with the fair Englishwoman, and discovered, that

that under the simplicity of diffidence, the stranger was possessed of a sensible and well-instructed mind. She complimented her on her attainments, but Lucinda modestly ascribed her information to the instructions of Mr. Sotheran, whose name she mentioned with a sigh, the meaning of which was perfectly understood by the lady.

A short narrative of Lucinda's story was an introduction to the protection, confidence, and friendship of Madame Vallery, who, embracing the amiable narrator, congratulated her on her escape from the perfidious Melville. "You shall be the companion of my daugh-

daughters, my dear Lucinda," said she, "till the man of your choice comes to take you under his protection. Write to him and to your parents, and endeavour to recover that serenity which should ever be the companion of a virtuous mind like yours. My daughters shall assist you in the acquisition of the French language, which is always considered an accomplishment in every nation of Europe, nor will your lover think you less estimable for being mistress of a new acquirement.

Lucinda expressed her acquiescence and acknowledgments, and that

that very evening she wrote to her parents and lover with an account of her late sufferings and present situation.

CHAP.

CHAPTER III.

A sensualist described—singular history of Maria Greaves.

FROM the events narrated in the foregoing chapter, it must be evident to the reader that the villainous Melville was beyond the reach of the laws of his country. On the successful escape of Lucinda, this baffled man of pleasure, sought in the French capital an oblivion of his recent disgraceful adventures, and the various gratifications held forth by dissipation to her votaries in that Paradise of knaves, wits, and fools, were considered by Melville as equivalent to the triumph which his

his vanity would have enjoyed in the seduction of his fair country-woman. As to the destitute state of that innocent girl, the idea of her sufferings did not for a moment engage his attention; for, like other sensualists, his finer feelings were become callous, and every sentiment of humanity absorbed by inordinate self-love.

Perhaps there is not a more hateful, and, at the same time, contemptible being in the world than a professed man of pleasure. His career commencing with the moment when he is emancipated from the shackles imposed by minority, he hastens to participate in the de-

lights which he had long panted to enjoy. His time, his health, and his fortune, are sacrificed to the silly passion for notoriety. To exhibit himself on the dickey of his barouche, and drive four in hand; with the velocity of a whirlwind; to outwit even the black-leg on the turf; to lose his thousands at the card-table; to sacrifice the hours intended for repose to the Bacchanalian bowl, or the Cyprian orgies of a bagnio; and to be considered by his brother blackguards of quality and fortune as a man of spirit; such is the modern man of pleasure, and such was Melville, who at Paris found numbers who

exceeded himself in the grovelling gratifications of sensuality.

While Lucinda enjoyed the blessings of security and elegant accommodations at Bellevue, Mr. Sotheran was not inactive in his exertions to discover her situation; nor was Kelly unmindful of his promise to the young lady confined in the lunatic hospital. With the concurrence of his master he obtained permission from the magistrates at Bow-street, to bring her before them. He hastened to the place, and found her sitting in her apartment absorbed in woe. She did not at first recognize him, but when informed of the object of his visit,

tears of joy filled her eyes. She accompanied him to town in a hackney-coach, and in a short private examination before the magistrates, she convinced them of the singular cruelty with which she had been treated, obtained a promise of redress, and was set at liberty.

Relying on the integrity of her deliverer she was conducted by him to the house of a female relative, who resided in Paddington, and Kelly, with a heart glowing with benevolence, returned to his master with an account of the transaction.

The

The history of Maria Greaves was at once singular and romantic; nay, it might appear incredible, were not so many instances of human turpitude disclosed in our courts of justice.

Maria was the daughter of an opulent merchant, who left her an ample fortune, secured to her, as he thought, by every tie of friendship and gratitude that could influence the heart of man. Her guardian was a man of probity; his character established, and his fortune realized. He was also a father. Two amiable daughters were his companions, and his wife had been dead some years when

when Maria, in her sixteenth year, became an inmate.

The ward had now no other protector, and she felt for her guardian, Mr. Wentworth, a sentiment of filial respect. For some time the amiable Maria was treated by him with all the delicate attention due to an orphan, but avarice, and a worse passion, which must be nameless, incited him to obtain possession of his ward and her fortune. What a tremendous deviation from rectitude was this! What a breach of the laws of hospitality, when the protector becomes a betrayer!

For some time, indeed, conscience reproached him with the atrocity of such a scheme, but he silenced his scruples by a determination to offer Maria his hand. The better to effect his purpose, he sent his daughters with a relative on a summer excursion to Brighton, that scene of splendor, folly, and unparalleled frivolity and dissipation; but a parent whose heart had received the taint of depravity was unsolicitous respecting the morals of his children.

During their absence Maria was housekeeper, and as Mr. Wentworth resided at his seat near Bromley in Kent, he had but few visitors, and his ward was now his only

only companion. The domestics were two simple country girls, and a boy in livery.

For some days after the departure of his daughters, Mr. Wentworth's behaviour was regulated by the strictest propriety. He was more attentive than usual, indeed, to his companion, but she ascribed that to his good-nature, and his desire to prevent her retirement from becoming irksome. Frequent jaunts to Bromley, Seven Oaks, and the metropolis, varied the scene, and when in town her guardian bought her a profusion of trinkets, and several fashionable articles of dress. She was rather surprised at this liber-

ality, as he was remarkably economical, and when she modestly hinted that she was sufficiently provided with ornaments, he replied, with a smile, "That few young ladies complained of a superabundance of finery;" adding, with a look of tenderness, "nothing that I can bestow can demonstrate my affection for Maria. I prize you more than all human beings." A blush overspread the face of his beautiful ward, as Mr. Wentworth made this declaration, which was yet unintelligible to her. But, whatever gratification her guardian's partiality might afford her vanity, she thought it very unreasonable

sonable that he should prefer her to his own children.

Emboldened by the modesty of Maria, and her amiable disposition, Mr. Wentworth resolved to secure so rich a prize of beauty and wealth with all possible expedition. He therefore seized a favourable opportunity, and to the astonishment of the unsuspecting maid, he declared his passion, made her an offer of his hand, and urged his suit with the earnestness of a lover.

The confusion of Maria was inexpressible, she raised her eyes and beheld his countenance animated,

not with the angelic smile of honourable love, but the repulsive fervour of a grosser passion. Her pure mind shrunk from his proffered embrace; a tremor seized her frame, and a profuse cold sweat issued from every pore.

Mr. Wentworth, experienced as he was in the various emotions of the heart, perceived that he had been too abrupt and earnest in his addresses; he soothed the perturbation of Maria's bosom, and permitted her to retire to her chamber, where a plentiful effusion of tears relieved her breast. She trembled when she reflected on her situation, liable to be daily exposed to the fulsome

fulsome addresses of a man who had violated his trust as a guardian, by assuming the lover; a man who, respectable as he was on the Exchange, was by no means qualified to win the heart of a woman of sentiment, for his person was clumsy, and his manners vulgar. But he was rich; he honoured his bills; was punctual in his transactions, subscribed liberally to charitable institutions, and was an Alderman of London.

Such accomplishments as these would doubtless have had a powerful influence with many a female, but Maria was a young woman of the most delicate sensibility, con-

sequently whatever was tinctured with vulgarity, or levity, was disgusting to her pure heart, and her guardian, whom she had hitherto treated with the respect due to a protector, now became the object of her aversion.

To her inexpressible anguish she felt that she must in some degree continue in his power, till that auspicious moment arrived which would put her in possession of liberty and fortune. It was, therefore, necessary for her to disguise her sentiments, however painful to an ingenuous mind, but she came to a solemn resolution never to become his wife, and looked forward

forward with impatience to the period when his daughters should return from Brighton.

Maria continued indisposed for some days, during which her guardian, conscious that his precipitation had been the cause, did not venture to visit her. Medical aid, and her good constitution, soon triumphed over the disease, which was a slight fever, and health and beauty relumined her aspect, which the most depraved libertine might have beheld with respectful admiration.

The countenance of Maria was beautifully expressive of sensibility, modesty,

modesty, and innate honour, which appeared with all the dignity of virgin virtue, upon her "*clear and unsmirch'd brow.*" Her person was delicately feminine, and her whole appearance seemed to claim protection, while it inspired respect. Such was the lovely ward of Mr. Wentworth, and such are thousands of the amiable young women of these happy isles. May they, like her, nobly repel the assaults of inordinate passion, and distinguish with modest discrimination, the difference between the flattering coxcomb, the wanton knave, and the generous, manly, and sincere lover.

With

With the return of health, Maria resumed her employment, and again appeared at the table of Mr. Wentworth. But her conduct towards him was widely different from her former respect and attention. An unstudied and real reserve now prevented that interchange of sentiment, which had formerly given a zest to their conversation. The assiduities of Mr. Wentworth were unpleasant to Maria, and although she gradually became more cheerful, she continued to repel his attempts to please with a firmness, that mortified and exasperated him.

Insti-

Instigated by the two most powerful motives which can actuate a sordid mind, Mr. Wentworth resolved to make himself master of Maria's person and fortune, whatever might be the consequence. He now proceeded to take liberties which alarmed her virtue and offended her delicacy. Maria expostulated with him on the impropriety of his behaviour; he urged his love as an apology for his indecorum, again pressed her to accept him as a husband; but she made a solemn declaration that she never would consent to become his wife. "Then Maria," exclaimed he, with firmness, "since you reject my honourable love, I will

I will overcome your obstinacy though it should cost me my life."

With these words, he rang the bell, and ordered one of the maid servants to conduct the young lady to her bed-chamber, lock the door, and bring him the key. The terrified domestic was obliged to obey, and Maria with tearful eyes retired. She was locked in, and instantly secured herself by bolting the door.

Maria was unacquainted with the laws respecting guardianship; but she rightly judged that no law could compel a young lady in her minority to marry her guardian.

Next

Next morning the female attendant came with her breakfast, and soon afterwards a letter from Mr. Wentworth proposed the terms of liberation. It was superscribed

"*To Maria Greaves,*"

and the contents were sufficiently expressive though laconic.

"DEAREST MARIA,

"If you will consent to my "wishes, by signing your name to "a written contract, to become "mine when you arrive at the age "of maturity, I shall instantly li- "berate you, and by my future "actions prove how dear you are "to T. W.

To

To this amatory epistle, Maria instantly returned a decisive answer.

" SIR,

" You have committed an out-
" rage against my personal liberty,
" altogether unjustifiable. Coer-
" cion is not a successful harbinger
" of love. Whatever is unamiable
" must be the object of aversion;
" your recent behaviour to me has
" been extremely so, and you may
" make the conclusion. No tyran-
" nic violation of my liberty—no
" privation that cruelty can devise,
" nor any torture dictated by in-
" furiated revenge, shall ever terrify
" me into an unhallowed compact
" with

" with a man whose passion,
" prompting him to injustice, must
" be impure and dishonourable.

M. G."

From the moment that Mr. Wentworth read this answer, his treatment of the unfortunate Maria was marked with barbarity. He daily harrassed her with his brutal importunities till he almost deprived her of reason, and her cries and exclamations resounded through the different apartments. The domestics who attended her were terrified, and their artful master persuaded them that she was insane. At length his disappointed avarice drove him to desperation, and he had

had the presumption to send the victim of his cruelty to the sad receptacle from which she was liberated by accident.

The unfeeling villain who had imprisoned his innocent ward, had forfeited all right to the management of her affairs, and Mr. Sotheran engaged as her champion. During a visit to the interesting Maria, he promised to recover her fortune from the brutal and rapacious man who had so wantonly abused his trust. But his intention was anticipated by the guilty Mr. Wentworth, to whom he had written on the occasion; and Maria's fortune was paid by her own

desire into the hands of Mr. Sotheran, whom she voluntarily chose as the protector of herself and property. She would have presented Kelly with one thousand pounds, but that generous young man would receive no recompence for an act of justice, and this magnanimity inspired the susceptible bosom of Maria with a warmer sentiment than that of gratitude. Her deliverer was indeed but a servant, that reflection mortified her pride, but he gave dignity even to servitude, and she gladly remembered the couplet of Pope:

"Honour or shame from no condition rise,
"Act well your part, there all the honour lies."

At

At present it was impossible for her to determine how she should act; she was yet in her non-age, she had only just escaped from a calamity brought on by the imprudence of a fellow creature, and she trembled lest an improper attachment should involve her in ruin. These suggestions of prudence restrained her feelings, when she reflected on her obligations to Kelly, and she endeavoured to banish from her imagination the image of a man whom she could not contemplate without emotion.

CHAP-

CHAPTER IV.

Mr. Sotheran introduced to Mr. Fenton —receives a letter from Lucinda—sets out for France accompanied by Mr. Hartley—adventures of an English merchant.

THE interesting affairs of Maria Greaves had for a short period diverted the attention of Mr. Sotheran from the great object of his pursuit, the amiable Lucinda; but his inquietude and sorrow at the uncertainty of her state, recurred with double force in his hours of retirement. This painful state of suspense was somewhat alleviated by the conversation of Mr. Fenton, a mer-

a merchant of great respectability, to whom he was introduced by Mr. Hartley.

Mr. Sotheran felt some mitigation of his sorrow, in the company of this well informed man, whose history was as extraordinary as any recorded in romance. He was now about forty-four years of age, and had acquired a fortune which enabled him to live in a style of elegance. He invited Mr. Sotheran to his villa in Richmond, and on his arrival, introduced him to his wife, a foreigner of distinction. The visitor was not aware that he was in company with a princess, but he was delighted with the amenity

of her manners, and her agreeable coversation.

In the course of the afternoon, Kelly arrived with Lucinda's letter. Mr. Sotheran was enraptured; he communicated the joyful tidings to Mr. Fenton and his spouse, who had themselves experienced similar emotions, and he hastily set out for London, where Hartley volunteered to accompany him on his amatory expedition.

A post coach and four carried them to Dover in a few hours, where they found Kelly, who had engaged a small vessel, as the packet

packet had sailed some hours before their arrival.

They hastened on board, but the calmness of the weather obliged the mariners to have recourse to their oars, To divert the impatient lover, Mr. Hartley proposed to recount the principal events of Mr. Fenton's life, and this offer was at once grateful to the curiosity and assuasive of the anxiety of his friend.

THE ADVENTURES OF AN ENGLISH MERCHANT.

WILLIAM FENTON was the son of a reputable farmer, near Wellington in Shropshire, where he was born on the first of June 1760. At this period the fashionable vice of entrusting children to the care of a mercenary nurse, was not arrived at the height which it has since attained, and a farmer's wife would then have thought it criminal to deprive an infant of the nutriment provided for it by nature.

Such were the sentiments of Mrs. Fenton as she embraced her innocent

cent and helpless babe. " It is not sufficient, my dear Fenton," said she to her husband, " that I should merely suckle this infant, it is not only an animal but a rational, nay, an immortal being that I am enjoined both by the dictates of nature and duty to protect, and my utmost attention shall be devoted to the welfare of our child. This maternal resolution was approved by her affectionate husband, and the management of little William during his infancy was almost wholly left to his mother. By her he was nourished, taught to walk, and to articulate; from her judicious instructions he first obtained distinct ideas of surrounding objects; and

as soon as his infantine reason was capable of receiving instruction, she impressed upon his susceptible mind the simple, affecting, and ennobling precepts of piety and virtue.

Thus passed the serene years of William's infancy; his youthful hours were principally occupied in the acquisition of knowledge, and he made a commendable and steady progress in those useful as well as ornamental accomplishments, the art of reading, writing, and computation.

In the twelfth year of his age William was entrusted to the care of

of a private tutor, for Mrs. Fenton's attention had been successively engaged by another son and three daughters.

A domestic education is of all others the most congenial to virtue, and is calculated to preserve and cherish all the best affections of the human heart. Such was its effect on William, who grew up with habitual veneration and grateful love for those parents from whose hands he daily received his food, and who also furnished him with comfortable clothing, and all the requisites to facilitate his studies. Their instructive conversation formed his manners, their advice re-

pressed his youthful indiscretion, and inspired him with the maxims of prudence, while his fraternal affection was cherished by the reciprocal kindness and good nature of his little brother and sisters, who were occasionally his playmates.

Fortunately for the pupil, his tutor was a man of taste and science, and William secured his esteem by indefatigable attention to his studies. He engaged in his task without murmuring, and possessing at once the rare qualities of ductility and attention, whatever he committed to memory was an acquisition during life.

With

With such a disposition, and such improveable talents, William in his eighteenth year was an accomplished scholar, versed in the classics, and a proficient in the French and English languages. He also acquired a competent knowledge of arithmetic, geometry, and the use of the globes, and his pious mother, who was a sincere Christian, carefully instructed him in the principles of that most valuable science, morality.

"My dear son," said she, "on the performance of your duty to God and your neighbour depends both your present and future felicity. As our great poet says, '*be*

just and fear not.' Attend to the dictates of conscience, my dear son, and you cannot fail to be happy." Precepts inculcated with such earnest tenderness made an indelible impression upon the heart of William, and in the trying vicissitudes which he afterwards experienced, they proved, " A guide to his feet, and a lamp to his path."

With a sound constitution, and a well informed mind, William attained his eighteenth year; and while his parents were considering how his acquirements might be rendered useful to himself and others, the arrival of a relative from London

don diverted their attention from this important object.

Mr. Blackwall, their visitor, was a merchant of very extensive commercial connections, particularly with Spain and Portugal. He was a native of London, and united the urbanity of the citizen with the integrity of the merchant. A man so truly respectable met with a cordial reception from Mr. Fenton and his wife, and their visitor was so highly gratified with the interesting manners and good sense of William, that he proposed to take him apprentice, and afterwards admit him to a share in the business.

So advantageous an offer was readily embraced by the parents, nor was the youth himself unwilling to pass from the quiescence of rural tranquillity to the noise and bustle of London, so pleasing to the curiosity of an inexperienced mind.

As Mr. Blackwall purposed to return to the metropolis in a few days, Mrs. Fenton was active in preparing her son for his journey. Plenty of good linen, a new suit of cloaths, and a few select books, were provided by this affectionate parent.

William

William was not insensible of his mother's solicitude for his welfare, nor could he think of parting with her, his father, his brother and sisters, without a strong emotion of sorrow. But the bright prospect which opened to his imagination of that world, about which he had heard and read so much; the respectability attached to the avocations of a merchant, and the natural ambition which every youth of lively parts feels to distinguish himself, made him look forward with the most animated hope of success. Yet he relapsed into his sentimental regret when Mr. Blackwall desired him to prepare for a journey

journey to London on the following morning.

On this occasion Mrs. Fenton shed the tears of maternal love in secret, unwilling to depress the spirits of her son, and Mr. Fenton, though he viewed the flattering prospect which lay before the youth, with all the complacency of a good father, felt deep regret at the idea of being deprived of so valuable and instructive a companion.

William behaved well. A manly gravity and silence marked the dignity of his character. About sunset he rambled into his father's fields,

fields, attended by a favourite terrier. It was an autumnal evening; the unclouded sky displayed its immense and magnificent azure concave; the ripe grain gently rustled in the breeze, and reflected the ruddy light of the setting sun which also illumined the groves that extended their leafy branches in simple and picturesque beauty, while a clear brook flowing rapidly along a valley, gave an image of the incessant lapse of time.

The silence and solitude of these beautiful scenes invited the mind of William to pensive reflection. "To-morrow," said he, "I must forego these charming objects, and

and engage in the bustle of a busy world, to which I am a stranger. To-morrow I shall see my beloved relatives, perhaps, for the last time." He paused—the tears of sensibility bedewed his cheeks, and he continued his pensive rambles along the bank of the rivulet.

His horse, which he had familiarized by kindness, was grazing in an adjacent field: the instant his master came in view the animal raised his head, and galloped up to the spot, while his dog gamboled about him as if desirous to share his attention. "I shall take these two honest dependants with me," said

said William, " they will remind me of my birth-place and friends."

On his return to the house he partook the cheering refreshment of tea, and his mother afterwards proposed a walk in the garden.

Their conversation naturally turned on his intended journey. " You are going to London, my son :" said the virtuous mother ; " for my part I have never seen that celebrated city, but knowing, as I do, the natural depravity of the human heart, I must caution you against the allurements of vice. Your domestic education, my child, whilst it preserved you from the contagious in-

influence of bad company, also kept you ignorant of the follies and crimes of mankind. But as Providence seems to have marked you out for a life of greater activity of mind than the pursuits of agriculture would require, I hope Divine grace will be imparted to you sufficient to preserve you from vice and misery. Your character will doubtless assimilate with your companions, I therefore most solemnly enjoin my child to avoid profane and worthless company. An occasional visit to the places of public amusement may be blameless, so far as is requisite for the gratification of curiosity, but remember that awful interrogatory,—"Can a man pass through

through the fire and his cloaths not be burned?" and, indeed, the theatres, and similar entertainments, are an ordeal to the virtue of youth.

"Be particularly cautious, William, when you converse with deists, or atheistical philosophers, for you may be confident, that either their imagination is perverted by pride, or their hearts corrupted by depravity. Those men who ridicule Divine Revelation must consequently contemn the morality of the Scriptures, and if they have the hardihood, or rather presumptuous insanity, to set at defiance the Being who made them, will they not also violate every

every engagement with a fellow-creature?

"Let your leisure hours be devoted to praiseworthy amusements; such as conversation with well-informed persons of both sexes, especially amiable young women, for nothing gives so high a polish to the manners of a young man as an innocent familiarity, a modest intercourse with polite females. Riding, walking, swimming, and other athletic exercises to which you have been accustomed, are necessary for the preservation of your health, but the improvement of your intellect ought to be the principal object of your hours of relaxation.—May the

the blessings of Heaven consecrate this advice, my son," concluded Mrs. Fenton, embracing him; "let us now return to our friends."

Next morning Mr. Blackwall bade a friendly adieu to the family, but William could not articulate a syllable. He pressed his father's hand, and turning to his mother, whose eyes glistened with maternal love, he waved his hat to her, his brother, and sisters, and instantly pulling it over his eyes, and mounting his horse, he sat off at full gallop along the avenue. Recollecting his travelling companion, who came leisurely behind, he pulled the reins and stopped till he came up,

then at an angle of the road, turning his head, he cast a last glance on his natal mansion, and a few friendly tears relieved the emotion of his heart.

After a very pleasant journey, our travellers arrived at the capital, and William was immediately placed in his probationary station. In the course of a few months he became an accountant, and afterwards accompanied Mr. Blackwall to the Royal Exchange, where he was a useful assistant in the transactions with foreigners.

In order to render himself more conducive to his kinsman's prosperity,

perity, he studied Spanish, and was instructed in the pronunciation of that language by a native of Spain. This acquirement occupied many of his leisure hours, but he nevertheless appropriated many a pleasant moment to a correspondence with his parents.

Nor was he negligent of the curiosities of London. He visited the British Museum, that grand depository of antiquities, natural history, and literature. The Tower of London, and the Monument, afforded him much gratification. The St. Paul's, so remarkable for architectural beauty and magnificence, enchanted his imagination.

Westminster Abbey excited still stronger emotions. The gothic grandeur of its exterior; the monuments, busts, and statues of legislators, kings, heroes, philosophers and poets, which adorn its venerable aisles; and the rich variety of sepulchral curiosities exhibited in Henry the Seventh's chapel, filled his mind with admiration and awe.

The interesting variety of characters with which London abounds, must ever render it delightful to the contemplative mind; and William sometimes amused himself by a Sunday afternoon's ramble through Kensington Gardens, where the flutter-

fluttering butterflies of fashion displayed all their glories and attractions in fine weather.

When he was desirous to learn the political sentiments of his fellow-citizens, he spent an hour in the perusal of the morning papers, at Tom's Coffee-house, Cornhill; where he not only heard politics ably discussed, but sometimes was so fortunate as to become acquainted with an interesting character, nay, even to obtain a new acquisition to his commercial connections.

When he wished to contemplate mankind in the mass, a walk at noon along Cornhill, Cheapside,

Fleet-street, and the Strand, presented a busy multitude of human beings to his eyes.

In the public theatre, that epitome of man, he viewed the audience in their respective classes, as they occupied the boxes, pit, and galleries; and whether tragedy represented the strongest efforts of the passions, or comedy laughed at the follies of mankind, William was at once gratified and instructed. His knowledge of the world became more comprehensive and correct, his taste was improved, and consequently he was a more intelligent and valuable companion to Mr. Blackwall.

At

At the expiration of three years, William attained that critical period so ardently desired by youth. He was now twenty-one, and as a reward for his application to business, Mr. Blackwall generously presented him with his indentures, and took him into partnership.

Convinced of the integrity and prudence of his young partner, Mr. Blackwall resolved to send him on a commercial voyage to Spain. Accordingly in the spring of 1783, William sailed in the Adventure from London, for Barcelona, just after the ratification of the treaty of peace between Great Britain and Spain.

After a prosperous voyage, the ship arrived safe in port, and William presented his introductory letters to Antonio Verdun, a rich merchant of Barcelona, by whose influence he obtained an easy access to the confidence of several opulent merchants in that city. William by his candour and urbanity so ingratiated himself with the Spanish merchants, that in less than three months he fully accomplished the object of his voyage, and made commercial arrangements at once lucrative and honourable. He soon afterwards went on board an American ship bound for the port of London, and he looked forward with an elated mind to the happy

happy moment, when he should receive the congratulations of his partner and friends on his safe arrival in his native country.

But how short-sighted are mortals respecting future events. On the third day after the American vessel sailed from Spain, she was chaced by an Algerine Corsair. The Americans were in some degree prepared for the contest, as the ships of their nation had frequently been captured by African pirates.

The ship was cleared for action with the alacrity of men resolved to die rather than submit to be

carried into captivity. She mounted twelve pieces of cannon, but the pirate carried thirty, yet this disparity of force did not intimidate the crew of the merchantman, and William, with several other English passengers, volunteered on the occasion for the preservation of that birthright liberty, which they prized more than life itself.

CHAP-

CHAPTER V.

The adventures of an English merchant continued—description of an engagement between an American ship and a pirate—the English merchant sent to the pirate's country seat near Algiers—benignity and affection of Irene, a Moorish lady—her grief on being separated from her lover—the English merchant carried before the Dey of Algiers—refuses to embrace Mahometanism—is cast into a dungeon—liberated by Irene—they arrive in Spain, &c.

A DESPERATE contest ensued, and William for the first time beheld the miseries inflicted by war. But

humane and generous as he was, he fought with the greatest resolution, and when the pirates boarded the ship, he was among the foremost to oppose them hand to hand. Long and doubtful was the conflict, and many men were killed and wounded on both sides.

At length, Omar, the captain of the Corsair, made a desperate and successful effort. Attended by a number of resolute men, he unperceived by the Americans, got into a boat, and rowing round, he suddenly ascended the unguarded side of the enemy, and attacked them in the rear. Thus surrounded in their own vessel, the Americans were

were compelled to surrender, with the loss of nearly half the crew. William was among the wounded, a boarding-pike had penetrated his right shoulder, and he lay on the deck among the dying and the dead.

Just as the Algerines were going to throw him overboard, he raised himself on his left arm, and urged by self-preservation, clung to the ship's side. One of the pirates raised his scymitar to dispatch him, but Omar, who stood by, arrested his arm. There was something in the countenance of the wounded man which excited the compassion of the Moor, who ordered him to

be carried below to have his wound dressed.

Thus we find that human nature, though depraved by vice, and contaminated with crimes, is hardly ever destitute of sympathy. That benign fellow feeling which enables us to participate in the joys and sorrows of others, was doubtless implanted by the all-wise Creator, for the preservation of his creatures. It is felt by the untaught savage as well as the civilized citizen, and the dictates of sympathy forcibly prove that mankind are all the children of one great parent—the Father of Spirits—the Creator of the Universe.

Let

Let us then be ever ready to contribute to the happiness of those around us. Opportunities for the practice of beneficence will frequently occur, and they ought to be consecrated to happiness and virtue.

Immediately after the capture of the American ship, the pirates steered for Algiers, where they soon arrived with their rich prize. The Christian captives were landed and sold in the public slave market.

William alone remained. He was not merchantable, for his wound had brought on a debility which rendered him unfit for ser-

vice. Great pains were taken by the Algerine surgeons to effect a cure, but the patient suffered much torture from their unskilfulness.

On his recovery he was ordered before Omar, who interrogated him respecting his connexions in Europe, and offered to accept five hundred guineas for his ransom, and to forward a letter to Mr. Blackwall by the first opportunity. William wrote to his friend describing the calamitous event which had occasioned his captivity, and mentioning the exorbitant demand of the pirate. This letter he gave to Omar, who was making vigorous preparations for another cruize.

Mean-

Meanwhile he sent the captive to his country seat at Ventajos, a delightful spot, about four leagues distant from Algiers. To this retirement William went with a heart overwhelmed with mournful sensations. The uncertainty that this letter would be received by Mr. Blackwall, and the probability that he should be compelled to eat the bread of slavery for the remainder of his days, almost deprived him of reason. It was, indeed, a terrible change, to be thus precipitated from the summit of prosperity into the gulph of misery. But when he reflected on the magnanimity of patriots, who, like Regulus, had underwent the most excruciating torment for their

their country, and of martyrs who had triumphed even amid the flames, in the cause of truth, his fortitude and hope revived together, and he diverted the tedious hours of confinement, by rambles through the beautiful gardens of Ventajos.

The villa of Omar was, indeed, a most delightful spot, the apartments were magnificent, and the gardens, the vineyards, the orangery, and the baths, presented a variety of picturesque objects. Had Omar consulted his own tranquillity, instead of prowling on the ocean for the property of others, he would have found happiness in those delicious scenes, but the inordinate avarice

avarice of man stimulates him to injustice, and misery is the consequence.

Although William was permitted to ramble through the gardens belonging to the pirate, he was lodged in a building for the reception of slaves, who were not allowed to pass the threshold of the mansion where Omar's wives and daughters commonly passed the summer.

It was now the beginning of autumn. The ripe grapes bending the slender branches of the vine seemed to court the rambler's hand! the fig presented its wholesome nutriment to man, and the golden fruitage of the

the orange groves at once perfumed the air, and regaled the palate with delicious and refreshing fruit. William was gratified with this luxuriant scene, but he was a slave! That idea embittered every enjoyment, and rendered the delightful climate and its produce irksome to the captive, who found the powers of his body and mind enfeebled by solitude and want of exertion.

In one of his morning walks through the gardens of Ventajos he approached the house, and met two ladies, who were veiled, according to the custom of the Moors. With downcast eyes he turned into a nar-

row path to avoid them, but his interesting figure, and pensive demeanor, had engaged their attention; and availing themselves of the freedom and security to which they were entitled, one of them called to him in the Moorish dialect, to stop. He turned, and with a low bow, apologised in French, for the liberty he had taken of walking in a part of the garden, which he supposed was appropriated to Omar's family.

The ladies laughed at his mistake, and one of them, named Irene, replied in French, "You need not be alarmed, we are the daughters of Omar, who has mentioned you to

us

us as an English merchant, for whose ransom he is to receive much treasure. Will you have the goodness to assist us in cutting a few grapes for a desert? William bowed, and soon filled a small basket with fruit, with which he attended them to the entrance of the house.

As he presented the basket to Irene she whispered to him, "Christian, I wish to know your history; will you favour me with an account of your adventures to-morrow at noon? You need not fear interruption. My father is not like the generality of the Moors, he is unsuspicious, and you may converse with us

us without danger." The captive declared his willingness to gratify her curiosity, and the lady with, a slight inclination of the head, retired.

William then returned to his solitary haunt with a heart soothed even by this momentary dialogue. "It will be some consolation," said he, to himself, "to be favoured with an occasional conversation with these young ladies. O society, how delightful art thou to the human heart! how miserable is the recluse —how wretched the captive shut in from social felicity!"

On

On the following day, Irene, true to her appointment, met the captive, and pointing to a delightful arbour, requested him to accompany her and her sister thither. Seating themselves familiarly beside him, he was reminded of his promise.

He gave a short and authentic account of his progress through life, and received the thanks of his fair auditors, who were much entertained with his description of London. Irene enquired very particularly respecting the beauty and accomplishments of the ladies of England, and expressed her envy of their privileges. "You see these thick veils which the custom of our country

try enjoins us to wear," said she, "are your ladies also compelled to conceal their faces!" "No, madam. Several ladies, it is true, wear thin veils, but they are more for ornament than use, and they can go without them whenever they please." "Are your ladies handsome!" "Yes madam, all travellers agree that they are the most beautiful and accomplished women in Europe." "Then you have, I suppose, bestowed your heart on some charming Englishwoman?" "No, Madam, my heart has hitherto proved invulnerable. I have been so constantly engaged by study or business that I really had not time to fall in love." The ladies laughed heartily

heartily at this observation, and Irene said, "Then I find that business is paramount to the passion of love in England. It is not so in this country. The principal employment of our young men being a course of intrigues, interrupted only by smoking and sleep. I detest their want of delicacy, and dread their jealousy; they are the most revengeful beings on earth. Were the women of this country as free as those of yours, they would then be equally virtuous; but the strictness with which married women are confined here is an incitement to, rather than a preventive of infidelity."

This

This social intercourse amused the captive, and convinced him of the candour and good sense of Irene, who gaily said, "I shall for once imitate your country-women, and unveil;" she then threw her veil on the seat beside her, and discovered a youthful countenance impressed with the characters of benignity and virtue, and glowing with the pure bloom of health and beauty.

The captive was charmed with this proof of her condescension. As the sisters retired he thanked them with unaffected gratitude, and they promised to favour him with another visit.

While William thus spent the hours of his captivity, Omar sailed on another piratical cruize; his ship was captured by an American frigate, and carried into Spain; and Omar, who gallantly defended his vessel, was killed in the engagement, and thrown overboard, with William's letter to Mr. Blackwall in his pocket.

During these transactions Omar's daughters continued their visits to the captive, and Irene lent him several French books. While the heart of William throbbed with the most grateful emotions for the kindness of Irene, her sympathetic bosom felt the sweetest sentiments of

of pity for the unfortunate merchant; and the fondest attachment was thus imperceptibly formed, and they loved each other with the most cordial affection.

An interesting event discovered the state of their hearts. The news of Omar's death arrived; his daughters mourned with filial sorrow, and when Irene imparted the sad tidings to her English friend he soothed her affliction.

All the property of Omar devolved to the crown, but the Dey of Algiers was a generous sovereign, and decreed that the possessions of the Moor should be divided among his

wives and children. The male and female slaves were, however, claimed by the Dey, and officers were sent to Ventajos to take them in charge.

The liberal decision of the sovereign, while it excited the gratitude of the rest of the family, filled the tender bosom of Irene with sorrow. She hastened to the garden, and throwing aside all reserve she caught the hand of William, exclaiming—"We are lost! The Dey of Algiers has claimed all our slaves; you are included in the number, and we must part for ever!"

With these words on her lips the beauteous Irene fainted away. William

liam supported her in his arms, and on recovering, she shrunk from his embrace with a countenance glowing with the blush of modesty. William, who participated in her affection, at once expressed his love and despair, and in this situation they continued to mingle their complaints and tears, till the Dey's officers arrived on the spot.

Exasperated at beholding a Moorish lady in such terms of familiarity and affection with a Christian slave, the Moors drew their scimitars, and would have killed William on the spot, had not Irene, urged by her affection, clasped him in her arms, exclaiming—"Spare this unfortu-

nate captive! he is rich, and can give your master a sufficient ransom for his liberty." The officers were appeared, but commanded him to be ready to go with the rest of the slaves in an hour.

Irene then left William with a promise never to forsake him, and she hastened to the Dey's officers and offered them her part of the property at Ventajos, on condition that they should liberate the English captive. The principal officer was affected with the generosity of the proposal, which he promised to report to his sovereign; and Irene was obliged to experience the anguish

guish of beholding the object of her affections depart for Algiers.

When the proposal of Irene was communicated to Amurath he was surprised. "There must be something peculiarly interesting in this Christian slave," said he, "to induce the daughter of Omar to offer her whole fortune for his freedom. Bring him before me."

The captive was immediately brought into the presence of Amurath, who was pleased with the modest manliness of his appearance. The Dey made several enquiries respecting England, and William replied much to his satisfaction.

"I find that you were not the only rich captive at Ventajos," said Amurath with a smile, "the daughter of Omar is also captivated. If you are disposed to marry Irene," continued the Dey, "it must be on condition of your embracing the holy religion of Mahomet, and rewards shall await your compliance. Retire, and reflect on this offer; you shall have two days to come to a resolution, on the result of which depends my favour or displeasure." William turned pale, sighed deeply, and, with a low bow, departed from the royal presence.

He was conducted by an officer to magnificent apartments, and attended

tended with the most obsequious respect. In this situation he continued two days, during which he came to the resolution to die a Christian. The regret at never more beholding his parents and friends, and the tenderness which he cherished for the amiable Irene, rendered death more terrible, but when he recollected the numerous instances of men, nay women, who so firmly suffered martyrdom; when he recollected the promise, "be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life," the horrors of despotism vanished, and celestial hope cheered his soul.

On the morning appointed for the captive's attendance at the levee of the Dey, a page waited on him with a rich robe and turban, he also delivered a message from the sovereign, commanding the prisoner to attend at court in that dress.

William clothed himself in the garb worn by Mahometans, without hesitation. "The Dey must know very little of human nature," said he to himself, "if he can suppose that a garment can have any influence on the opinion of the wearer. It is proper, however, to comply with his orders, for although I am prepared for the worst, it would be imprudent to exasperate a prince, at whose

whose disposal my life seems at present."

In this frame of mind the captive was conducted by a guard into the presence-chamber of Amurath. The Dey was seated upon a magnificent throne, to which there was an ascent of several steps, covered with a crimson carpet, embroidered with gold; the canopy over the throne was of green silk bespangled with gems. Amurath was clothed in a robe of embroidered purple; his turban was surmounted by a small crown of gold, with ostrich feathers, and his countenance was grave and composed.

At a small distance sat the principal officers of the court, and several of the Mahometan priests stood before the throne in readiness to interrogate the captive. Two slaves attended with censers, in which were burnt aromatic substances, which filled the court with a pleasing odour.

When the captive was brought into the presence of Amurath, he bowed, and the Dey, with a gracious smile, complimented him on his appearance. "It is our earnest wish," said that good-natured prince, "that you may henceforth be voluntarily disposed to wear the honourable garb of the faithful, but

if

if you are averse to our inclination, we are now ready to hear your reasons.

William bowed, and advancing two steps before the officers who accompanied him, he gracefully raised his right hand, and replied in the followin words:—

"The instances which I have already experienced of your moderation, has encouraged me to hope that, Amurath, so justly celebrated for magnanimity, will not debase his high dignity by an act of injustice. I presume, great prince, that you are too wise and good to criminate any human being for an opinion,

much less to inflict punishment on a believer, who has embraced a faith that is able to exalt him to Heaven.

"In my native country, gracious Amurath, every man is permitted to worship the Deity according to the dictates of his own reason; the law of the land leaves us free—this is equitable, and it would not be unworthy of your wisdom and liberality to imitate Christian moderation.

"You have expressed your wish that I should embrace the Mahometan religion, but with my present views of virtue I never can—."

Here

Here the captive paused—the priests expressed a groan of disapprobation, nay, even Amurath himself was angry for a moment. His eyes sparkled, and a strong suffusion overspread his face. Instantly recovering his presence of mind, he commanded the captive to proceed in his defence.

"When I compare the Christian religion with any other," continued William, unterrified by the danger which menaced him, "I discover its excellence. Many other institutions were founded upon sound human policy, but the morality of Christ is divine. Other philosophers inculcated justice, temperance,

ance, fortitude, and truth, but none of them enjoined forgiveness of injuries. It was reserved for the great founder of Christianity to deliver that charitable precept. Other philosophers recommended the imitation of virtuous men to their disciples; but Christ taught his followers to imitate the Deity himself. Wise men could reason profoundly and convince the judgement; but the Saviour of the world appealed to the heart as well as the head, and his beautiful parables must convince and melt the most obdurate. The founder of Mahometanism himself, subdued men by the sword; but Jesus Christ was the Prince of Peace, who overcome

come evil with good; his religion has triumphed over persecution and human power, because it is divine. As such I have embraced it in the days of my youth, and in the land of my forefathers; as such I continue to prize it as the anchor of my soul. Young as I am, and in the possession of health and strength, I confess that life appears to me desirable; but life, and all its enjoyments, even the society of those most dear, shall this day be for ever relinquished by me before I deny the Lord that bought me, and I am now ready to die for him, because he died for me."

It

It would be difficult to describe the emotions which agitated the minds of the hearers during the captive's defence of Christianity. Rage, pity, admiration, and hatred, alternately filled their hearts. Amurath was struck with the simple cogency of the prisoner's reasons, and the steady serenity of his aspect; he listened with attention and respect, but he was obliged to conceal his sentiments from the bigoted Mahometans, and assume a severity which he did not feel.

"Christian," said he, in a tone of displeasure, "I find that I vainly hoped to witness your abjuration of your errors, but you are obsti-

nate, perhaps a dungeon may effect a reformation. Take him to prison," added he, in a louder tone, and the captive was instantly stripped of his robe, dragged to a noisome dungeon, and bound with chains.

Yet even here his faith continued unshaken. "I must die," said he. "Well, I submit with resignation to the will of my Heavenly father."

In this state of confinement William continued about twenty-four hours, when Amurath with a generosity and goodness uncommon among Mahometans, contrived the means of his liberation.

He

He sent for Irene, and disclosed a plan by which ten Spaniards, who were just ransomed, were to conduct William on board the vessel prepared for their return to their native country. "If you are desirous to accompany your lover," said the Dey, "you have my permission, for I should consider it an act of inhumanity to prevent the happiness of two virtuous lovers." Irene threw herself at the feet of her sovereign, and besprinkled the hand with which he raised her, with tears. They were the offspring of surprize and gratitude; and she eagerly embraced the generous offer.

Irene

Irene was admitted into the dungeon where her lover lay enchained. She imparted the blissful tidings, and presented him with a purse of gold from Amurath. Night was propitious to the adventurers, who at high water accompanied the Spaniards on board their vessel, and set sail with a favourable breeze, for Malaga, in Spain, where they arrived in safety.

This blissful transition was equally grateful to the lovers. William made Irene an offer of his hand, which was accepted with all the delicacy of true love. Their marriage was solemnized without delay, and they proceeded in the first vessel

vessel bound for London. They arrived in the land of liberty, on the 1st of February, 1784, and Mr. Blackwall was both surprized and gratified at the unexpected return of his kinsman and partner, whom he supposed to have been dead.

William now resumed his business, and to his great gratification, found his affairs in a most prosperous train. As a diminution to his satisfaction, however, he found letters from his parents, informing him of their adversity. His father having imprudently joined a friend in a bond for a large sum, and the person whom he had thus obliged afterwards being insolvent, he was himself

himself obliged to pay the amount of the bond, which reduced him to a state of bankruptcy. He afterwards retired with the residue of his small property to a farm in the vicinity of Chester.

With a bosom animated by the purest filial emotions, William hastened to the relief of his beloved relatives, accompanied by his beautiful and affectionate Irene, whose manners were as amiable as they were sincere. On his arrival at Bloomsvale, William was received by his parents with great joy, and he observed with secret satisfaction, that his mother shared the adversity of her husband with

as

as much dignity as she had formerly behaved during the happier period of prosperity.

William introduced Irene to his parents, and after a short narrative of his adventures, he presented his father with one thousand pounds, to enable him to retrieve his affairs. This was only, as he justly observed, the payment of a debt of gratitude, which every dutiful child owes to a parent. But even the liberality of William was not so grateful to the feelings of his mother, as the account of his behaviour during his captivity, especially his firmness in the rejection

tion of Mahometanism, and the defence of Christianity.

After a visit of a month, Mr. William Fenton returned with his Irene to London; his business increased so rapidly that he called in the aid of an active partner, and retired to the pleasant mansion where I first had the pleasure of introducing you to his acquaintance. At the conclusion of his narrative Mr. Hartley received the thanks of his friend, and in a short time they were landed on the quay of Calais.

CHAP-

CHAPTER VI.

An enemy recognized—a duel—Mr. Sotheran wounded—sends Kelly with a letter to Lucinda.

Our voyagers ordered breakfast at the hotel, and while it was preparing, Mr. Hartley in order to divert his friend, proposed a turn on the public promenade. Several genteel people were enjoying the refreshment of the morning air, and among others, three English gentlemen, who discoursed in so loud a tone that it arrested the attention of Sotheran.

In

In passing the groupe he recognized the person of Captain Melville, the man whose licentiousness had been the primary cause of his inquietude. He paused—anger prevailed over the suggestions of prudence—he beckoned to his enemy, who came up to him with that easy air of assurance which marks the military coxcomb. On his approach, however, he seemed confused; he could not meet the eye of a man whom he had so repeatedly injured without an unpleasant sensation; but recovering his presence of mind, he had the effrontery to accost his opponent with "Good morrow, Mr. Sotheran." "Your name is Melville, Sir, I pre-

 sume,

sume, replied Mr. Sotheran. "Yes." "Then it is a name infamous in the records of my country, and doubly so as belonging to you!"

Hartley and the other gentleman interposed, but Melville turning with an unconcerned air to one of his companions, said "I perfectly understand the drift of this obloquy. Mr. Sotheran shall have satisfaction." The contending parties instantly appointed a meeting in an hour, in a remote part of the garden of the hotel, and they retired from the public walk to prepare for the conflict. As the altercation had been carried on in English, the quarrel remained a secret to the

ramblers

ramblers on the walk, though several persons perceived from the countenances of the gentlemen that they were by no means amicable.

This unpleasant accidental meeting was unpropitious. Mr. Sotheran was now involved in a quarrel, and he must of course be a duellist, a character disapproved by his dispassionate judgment. But the cause of his provocation, which shall be explained in the course of this work, and the aggravation of Melville attempting the ruin of Lucinda, was so enormous an accumulation of injuries, that Sotheran conceived that he was justifiable

in depriving such a monster of existence.

This opinion, however, was erroneous, and the projected punishment absurd; for according to the laws of honour, the injured party is as much exposed to danger as the delinquent. Hence, if a villain is endued with a greater firmness of nerve, if he can wield a sword, or present a pistol with more precision, his innocent opponent falls, and successful vice is honoured with the appellation of courage.

This barbarous custom, is in no respect a just mode of decision between man and man; and it is censured

sured even by the worthy individual who is sometimes compelled, in compliance with the prejudices of his fellow creatures, to risk his life for some trifling dispute, or perhaps for the unprovoked insult of some pampered fool of quality.

Among the various instances of duelling in this island, which have occurred for several years past, perhaps we could not produce one, with the exception of that of a patriotic baronet with an adventurer, but what might be denominated the quarrel of blackguards; and were they to keep within their own sphere, without interrupting the inoffensive part of the commu-

nity, it would be of little moment whether they had recourse to the sword, the pistol, or the fist, for the termination of their strife. "Let Dares beat Entellus black and blue," while their brother blackguards, both titled and untitled, look with new rapture on every wound or contusion.

When one fool encounters another, as was the case not long since, in a duel between a quarrelsome lord and his worthless companion, in consequence of their dispute about an infamous woman, we have only to regret that either should survive the contest; and when one imperious biped challenges

lenges another to single combat, because their dogs have worried one another, surely we must conclude that the quadrupeds are the more rational duellists; and society is well quit of such nice heroes, as "*find quarrel in a straw, when honour's at stake.*"

At the appointed time the antagonists met, attended by their seconds; Sotheran inflamed with indignation, and Melville glowing with proud resentment. They fought with swords, and displayed an expertness which might have been better employed than in depriving one another of life. In a few minutes they both received se-

were wounds. Melville with desperate malignity, made a lounge at his adversary's throat, which the other paried, and instantly run him through the body. He fell, and the interposition of the seconds saved him from instant death.

Mr. Melville was carried to the hotel, where a skilful surgeon dressed his wounds; and Mr. Sotheran was conveyed by his second and friend, Mr. Hartley, to private lodgings, till the situation of his opponent could be ascertained.

Thus, by the rencontre of a moment, two men, in the full possession of health, were reduced to a state

a state of infantine helplessness, with their unprepared spirits hovering on the awful brink of eternity. Can any situation be more alarming than this? and is not the cruel practice of duelling, sanctioned as as it is, either by the folly or the false shame of juries, a disgrace to every community of Christians?

Mr. Sotheran continued for several days in a very enfeebled state; in consequence of his wounds Captain Melville's life was for some time despaired of, but youth prevailed, and in the course of a month he was declared out of danger. He had, however, lost his right eye in the contest, and his face was disfi-

gured by the point of his opponent's sword having been thrown upward and lacerating his temple. He might, therefore, be said to retain the mark of punishment upon his brow; and this circumstance, together with the loss of his eye, was to him a perpetual source of chagrin.

The danger of a prosecution being now over, in consequence of the recovery of his opponent, Mr. Sotheran, whose health was nearly re-established, sent Kelly, his confidential servant, to prepare Lucinda for his reception.

CHAP-

CHAPTER VII.

A letter from Farmer Greenhill to Lucinda—her emotions on hearing of the recent dangers of Mr. Sotheran.

LUCINDA had now resided two months with Madame Vallery, at the delightful villa of Bellevue, during which she had made a considerable progress in the study of the French language, which was now become familiar to her ear. Her wish to enjoy the pleasure of conversation with the lady and her daughters, stimulated the application of Lucinda, and she was soon enabled to join the happy party

in the common chit-chat of the day.

A letter from her parents also afforded her much satisfaction. It was expressive of the solicitude of her honest relatives, and contained advice, which dictated by affection, made a deep impression upon the heart of their daughter. The following were its contents;—

"Dear

"Dear Lucinda,

"It would be hard to describe "our grief when you were carried "away from us, nobody knew whi- "ther. Your mother wept day and "night, thinking you was lost for "ever, but thank God you are safe, "and you have, my child, been "preserved by the goodness of Pro- "vidence, for which you can never "be sufficiently thankful.

"We all suspected Mr. Sotheran, "as he was absent from the village "when your misfortune happened. "Your mother was particularly se- "vere against him; but if you had "seen him when he came home and "found you were gone, you would

"have

" have pitied him. Even your mo-
" ther was convinced of his inno-
" cence by the excess of his grief.
" He immediately went to London
" in search of you, and as you in-
" form us that you have written to
" him, I hope he will soon restore
" you to your friends. By the way,
" Lucinda, you ought not to be too
" rash in marrying Sotheran. If he
" is already married, which I think
" he is, from some words that
" dropt from him, he cannot law-
" fully become your husband, and I
" should rather go to your funeral
" than your wedding, except the
" union was lawful. We were all
" surprised at the kindness with
" which you have been treated by

" the

" the French lady, at whose house
" you now remain, for we did not
" think there was so much humanity
" in all France. You know that
" our newspapers describe the
" French as a lawless nation of de-
" stroyers, without religion or o-
" nesty; but I really believe that
" our statesmen, as we call them,
" invent lies against the nations
" with whom they go to war, that
" they may stir up our hatred
" against them. This is very
" wrong, and contrary to the spirit
" of Christianity, which recom-
" mends brotherly love. However,
" we are now at peace with France,
" and I wish we may long continue
" so. Your mother sends you her
" bless-

"blessing, and your sisters and the "Miss Willoughbys their love. I "remain, my dear child, with "prayers for your happiness, your "affectionate father,

"WILLIAM GREENHILL.

"P. S.—We have forwarded your "letter to Mr. Sotheran, who is "now in London."

"*Norton-Goodrich*,
"*October 28th*, 1802."

This letter excited a variety of contrary emotions in the mind of Lucinda. She rejoiced to know that her dearest relatives were well, and was still more delighted with the proofs of the attachment of Sotheran; but she shuddered at the

idea of taking to her arms a man, however estimable, who was already united to another woman.

The hope that her lover would be able to give a satisfactory explanation of this enigmatical circumstance, encouraged Lucinda to look forward to a felicitous union with the man of her choice; but his silence sometimes awakened her apprehension that some evil had befallen him.

The arrival of Kelly at Bellevue terminated Lucinda's suspense. She was walking in the shrubbery with her amiable companions, and, like them, making observations on the fine

fine weather, and the beautiful appearance of the shrubs; when the approach of a man on horseback made her turn her face towards the avenue; she knew Kelly at the first glance, and hastened to meet him. He dismounted in a moment, and with expressions of joy on finding her well, presented a letter.

With a bosom palpitating with different emotions, Lucinda retired to read the letter. It was strongly expressive of the ardent affection of Sotheran, who, without mentioning the cause of his late indisposition, entreated her consent to an union, which would at once render the malignity of their enemies ineffectual

tual. He mentioned his intention of visiting her at Bellevue, if agreeable to her ideas of propriety, and concluded with the warmest assurance of unalterable love.

Lucinda was irresolute on this occasion, and resolved to advise with Madame Vallery; whose prudence and experience enabled her to come to a just decision. That lady received her fair inmate with her usual cordiality, but when her advice was requested, she smiled and replied,—"This is rather a delicate business; my friend must consult her own heart.—Could you relinquish Mr. Sotheran if such a sacrifice was requisite?" Lucinda answered

swered only with her tears. "Ah, my amiable friend," said the lady, "I perceive that you truly love this gentleman; and if he is already married, the rest of your life must be miserable, in spite of the consolations of friendship. But, my dear, let us hope; I think he never would be so deceitful as to address you with such earnestness, as a lover, if he were not disengaged; his letters breathe the simple, the genuine, and animated sentiments of love; and we must obtain from him an explanation before we condemn him."

. . . . . .

The eyes of Lucinda glistened with serene delight, as her friend thus soothed her fears. "You tell

. . . . . me."

me," continued Madame Vallery, "that the messenger who brought this letter is the confidential servant of your lover; as such, he must either be a man of integrity, or a convenient instrument to aid him in dishonourable pursuits, or illicit pleasures. There are, indeed, a few of the former in a state of servitude; but the latter are innumerable. Let us admit him, and make a few enquiries respecting his master's indisposition."

Kelly was introduced, and Madame Vallery, with her peculiar address, questioned him respecting Sotheran's late sickness. "Perhaps the fatigue of a voyage and the change

change of climate," said she, "affected your master's health." "No, Madam," replied Kelly, with a smile, "my master, though an exotic, is by no means a greenhouse plant." "Oh, you are facetious; then will you be so good, if you can with propriety, as to inform us of the nature of his late illness." "It was occasioned, Madam, by two things, the most contrary in the world—love and hatred." "Yes, the conflict of adverse passions is sometimes very prejudicial to health." "My master's health, Madam, suffered by the conflict occasioned by one passion." "Pray explain yourself." "My respect for the feelings of this young lady

has compelled me to continue reserved; there is nothing indelicate in the circumstances of his temporary confinement, which has, indeed, been occasioned by his affection for her." Lucinda turned pale, and in a whisper to Madame Vallery, expressed her wish to learn the fact.

"Our curiosity," said Madame Vallery, "is increased by the air of mystery with which you communicate your hints; my friend is desirous to know how she could be the cause of injury to Mr. Sotheran."
"Why then, Madam, in plain English, for I do not understand much French, my master was wounded in a duel

a duel with Captain Melville, the rascal who carried this young lady from her native country." Lucinda was just able to articulate in a low querulous tone, "wounded in a duel!" when she sunk from her chair in a state of insensibility.

Kelly hastened to call the female attendants to her aid; in a short time she recovered, and her lover's servant was again admitted to give a further explanation. This he did in a few words, and the pleasure which Lucinda felt on finding that he was out of danger, restored her usual cheerfulness. She now felt more tenderness for Sotheran, if possible, than before, and secretly resolved

resolved to reward his attachment with her heart and hand, or to continue single for his sake, if he was, indeed, already married; an idea which never presented itself to her mind without exciting a pang.

In the afternoon Kelly returned to Calais with a polite invitation to Mr. Sotheran from Madame Vallery, and an answer from Lucinda, dictated by the purest affection.

CHAPTER VIII.

A retrospective narrative of the life of Mr. Sotheran—extravagance of his wife—her infidelity discovered by Kelly.

THE crisis to which the connexion of Sotheran and Lucinda seemed now approaching, filled her gentle breast with a painful degree of anxiety. The cloud of mystery with which his character was still enveloped, was to be dissipated before she could consent to unite her fate with his, and delicacy and honour both required an explicit explanation

tion with regard to his connexions previous to their marriage.

Madame Vallery enjoined the dreadful sacrifice to her friend of for ever rejecting Mr. Sotheran if she found him dishonorable. "If he is unmarried, or divorced," said she; "you may, I think, venture to accept his hand, but beware of the insidious artifices of man. When Mr. Sotheran shall favour us with a visit, I shall endeavour to obtain from him the requisite explanation."

This proposal met with the acquiescence of Lucinda, who, with anxious expectation looked forward

to the moment that should remove her doubts and fears.

While this amiable maiden is thus tortured by suspense, it may not be improper to take a retrospective glance at the former adventures and vicissitudes of the MYSTERIOUS FARMER.

Mr. Thomas Sotheran was the son of a respectable country gentleman, who lived on his estate in Norfolk. From his earliest youth young Sotheran evinced a superiority of endowments, which were fostered by a classical education. His transition in the eighteenth year of his age, from the Grammar-school

school to ——— College, Oxford, opened a new and unexpected scene of gratifications to his mind. At his initiation, indeed, he paid the utmost deference to the superiors of the college; was strictly amenable to the regulations of the establishment, and was remarkable for his application to study. The happy consequence was an accession of elegant and useful knowledge, the approbation of his tutor, and what was of still more consequence, health and serenity.

But this happy state of innocence was too felicitous to last. Several of his fellow students were vitiated characters, and their conver-

sation and evil example at first excited his contempt, then his merriment, and, eventually, his approbation. So dangerous is it for ingenuous youth to be exposed to the contagion of evil communications; and so true is the progress of the victims of vice, who "*first endure, then pity, then embrace*" the phantom of alluring pleasure.

By an intimacy with several young men of quality, who were sent to College, not for the depravation, but the improvement of their intellect, young Sotheran was led to embrace their erroneous pursuits. In the third year of his continuance at Oxford, he could drink his bottle

of

of wine, and throw the dice with as good a grace as the most accomplished gentleman at College; nor was he unmindful of the Cyprian orgies, and instead of pursuing the luminous path of science, he devoted most of his hours of study in "*drawing pictures of forbidden joys*," and his moments of leisure in realizing the scenes of voluptuousness which filled his wanton imagination.

This pernicious perversion of time and talents, sometimes excited a temporary pang of remorse; but the noise and gaiety of his companions dissipated sober reflection, and their example

hurried him along the flowery paths of vanity and vice.

Want of discipline is as injurious to the pursuits of learning as of military glory; and Minerva can never be expected to smile on the votaries of Venus. The general relaxation in the pursuits of literature, so lamentably prevalent in colleges, must gradually be productive of that twilight of knowledge which glimmers in the crude productions of literary coxcombs: witness—"The Miseries of Human Life," the miserable and insipid compilation of the *Reverend* Mr. Beresford, that clinical buffoon, that essence of an Oxford sausage; that changling of Dulness imposed by

by chance upon the good-nature of *Alma Mater*.

This most wretched book of scraps, in which the compiler, for he does not merit the name of author, has encroached upon the province of Dr. Pangloss, has by its temporary popularity with fools, increased the number of the grinning fraternity—

"These half-form'd witlings num'rous in our isle,
As half-form'd insects on the banks of Nile."

But the legitimate claims of genius must ever obtain the suffrages of true taste, while poor Beresford, that shuttlecock of affectation,

shall, like the fabled Icarus, sink from the effulgence of reason into the gulph of obscurity.

On his return from college, Mr. Sotheran was sent, at the age of twenty-three, under the guidance of a tutor, on the grand tour, which occupied his time and attention till he attained his twenty-fifth year. During his absence from England, he obtained a tolerably correct idea of the polished nations of the continent; and the innumerable gratifications presented by the cities of Paris, Naples, and Rome, were not neglected by a young man, whose opulence obtained him admission wherever public curiosity could

could be gratified. His manners too, which were easy and unaffected, facilitated his intercourse with people of rank, and he gradually attained the fine polish for which the nobility and gentry of France have ever been celebrated.

His tutor, who was a man of experience, proved an excellent Mentor during their journey, and prevented the continual impositions to which inexperienced travellers are exposed in all countries. By his prudential advice he also preserved his pupil from the snares of the sharpers with which all populous cities abound; and kept him in bounds respecting

the various objects which solicited his passions.

Hence Mr. Sotheran returned to England both wiser and better than at the commencement of his tour, and his father beheld with secret satisfaction, that his travels had been highly conducive to his improvement.

This well-informed, elegant, and accomplished Mr. Sotheran, resolved to complete his knowledge of the world, by a comparison of the manners of the great in London, with those of the French and Italian nobility.

Accord-

Accordingly he was introduced to the fashionable world by his friend Mr. Hartley. He was now convinced that luxury and excess had made gigantic strides in this country, and that pleasure was pursued with more eagerness and less delicacy in the English metropolis than the principal cities on the continent. The extravagance of several ladies in high life, who lavished their thousands and tens of thousands in routs, fetes, and masquerades, were the particular objects of his attention. He traced this profusion to its source, and soon discovered that the wanton wastefulness of a person of very high

high rank indeed, had stamped prodigality with the form of fashion.

But Mr. Sotheran was not permitted to remain a mere spectator of fashionable manners; he was from the contagious influence of example allured to become a participator in the orgies of extravagance. Such is the pernicious power of fashionable folly, and the want of fortitude in a warm-hearted young man, that he is unable to withstand the solicitations of vice, when decorated in the garb of pleasure. Thus to avoid the imputation of avarice, he consents to lavish his money at the gaming table, and to support his character

as

as a man of spirit, he frequents the masquerade and the bagnio.

Mr. Sotheran, in common with many other men of sense, fell a sacrifice to his desire of obtaining the approbation of his companions, and was soon admitted to the *coteries* of dames of quality, who considered him as a very accomplished young gentleman.

At the select party of the D—— of G——, a lady long notorious for her dissipation, Mr. Sotheran was introduced to Miss Burney, the only daughter of an East India director. The beauty and accomplishments of this young lady captivated

tivated Sotheran, and he became a successful suitor, for in three months he "*led her nothing loth,*" to the hymeneal altar.

By his marriage Mr. Sotheran came into the possession of fifty thousand pounds, and his house in Portman Square was the favourite resort of the fashionable and the avaricious, all equally allured by the smiles of pleasure and the splendour of wealth.

The masquerades of Mrs. Sotheran, of Portman Square, were described in the morning papers with all imaginable pomposity, and among other celebrated votaries of licen-

licentiousness who honoured that lady with a visit, the beautiful and unfortunate Mrs. R—— sometimes made her appearance, particularly at the masked ball, where she bounded through the mazes of the sprightly dance with the voluptuous youth who had seduced her from the arms of her husband.

Mr. Sotheran for some time beheld these splendid sacrifices to folly and vice with much dissatisfaction; and he even ventured to expostulate with his wife on the impropriety of admitting profligates and demi-reps as familiar visitors; but the lady with a sweet smile of gaiety, and a voice harmonized by per-

persuasion, convinced him that people of a certain rank in life were placed above the trammels of custom, and entitled to play the fool in a manner peculiar to themselves. "For who, my dear," said she, "would not think themselves honoured by a visit from * * * * * * * * even in company with his mistress?"

The honour of Mr. Sotheran, however, revolted at the idea, but he was obliged to submit to the preposterous dictates of fashionable extravagance. He rightly considered vice as detestable, though sanctioned by rank, and decorated by pomp, and was grieved that his amiable

amiable lady should admit the voluptuous, but he did not foresee the pernicious consequences which resulted from such connections.

It is observable that the follies and vices of a nation generally take their rise among those in high life. The scandalous conduct of a man of quality who lives estranged from his wife, and in an illicit intercourse with an accomplished woman, has doubtless contributed to the prevalence of conjugal infidelity amongst those who are in the language of vanity denominated *the great*.

The

The passion for gaming originated in the same source; and when men of the first rank, who ought to set the nation an example of virtue, indulge their sensual appetites, revel in the arms of painted actresses, and make demi-reps their bosom friends, it is very natural for the unthinking multitude to become as far as possible their imitators. We avoid a contagious disease: Why do we not also shun the contagion of licentious manners? O, but it is fashionable to be vicious—granted—but can fashion itself recommend misery? And vice eventually becomes misery. This truth the thoughtless Mrs. Sotheran discovered when too late.

Amongst

Amongst her visitors the gay and gallant Captain Melville glittered in the eyes of the fair. This military coxcomb had not obtained his commission by meritorious services. In a commercial country gold is the medium of preferment. His exploits in the field of Mars consisted chiefly in shining at a review, and saluting the general with a good grace. In battle, his movements were rather retrogade, for in a certain expedition in company with the M * * * of H * * * * and other puissant heroes, he had the honour of running away from the French. But no matter, the Captain, like his well tried and honest

nest name sake, was not easily put out of countenance.

The heroic Captain had the good fortune to return to Britain without a wound; but although he had been proof to the cannon shot of the enemy, he was not invulnerable to the glances of beauty, and Mrs. Sotheran captivated him at his first visit to Portman Square.

The lady could not help admiring the Captain's grace and agility in the sprightly dance, for he certainly was better qualified for a dancing-master than an officer; and could lead off a partner with more effect

fect than he could lead on men to face the enemy.

Dancing is by no means an inconsiderable accomplishment, especially to a dunce; nay, do we not read of persons of quality who make a good figure at an assembly, though distinguishable for nothing else? Lord A—— for instance, has often been praised by those impartial dispensers of fame, the *authentic* public journals, for his wonderful cleverness as a dancer of Scotch reels, which we are told he can perform "*with the real highland fling.*" With such active and accomplished noblemen what

what have we to apprehend from the volatility of the French?

The partiality of Mrs. Sotheran for the dancing Captain was soon discovered by him, for whatever might be his other deficiencies with respect to penetration, his vanity always remarked the approbation of the ladies. But this lady was no common conquest, and he tried every art to effect the seduction of an imprudent woman of fashion. His success was complete, and the intrigue was conducted by the lady's female attendant, with an address that would have done honour to a Parisian *fille de chambre*. The lovers were as happy as successful crimi-

criminality could render them, and might have continued uninterrupted for years, had not the officious interference of an unmannerly servant brought their amour to an unpleasant termination.

It must be a subject of much dissatisfaction in the fashionable world, that no means have hitherto been discovered by which the intrusive eyes of impertinent domestics might be closed on particular occasions. Gold has done wonders in the art of hood-winking the vulgar; nay, it has has been known to paralize the optic nerves of princes, statesmen, and clergymen; but some few of the common

people are composed of such stubborn stuff that no application however powerful can overcome their obstinacy.

The spy and informer who exposed the criminal intercourse of Mrs. Sotheran and her minion, happened to be one of the inflexible class. His name was Felix Kelly, and though he had been born amid the recesses of the Irish mountains, and nursed on the lap of ignorance and bigotry, his native good sense overcame all these disadvantages. He early in life left his native village, and went to live with a relative near Dublin, where he learned

to

to read and write, and what was still more valuable to think.

With these requisites he went to London, and having the advantage of a handsome exterior, he was engaged as footman in the family of a nobleman. Whilst in this situation, he learnt that Mr. Sotheran wanted a servant to attend him on his travels, and he offered himself, and was accepted, nor had his master ever the smallest reason to reprimand this faithful servant.

After Mr. Sotheran's marriage, Kelly was often ordered to attend his lady to the opera, and in her

morning visits and nocturnal revels. The sagacity of the servant too soon discovered the levity and dishonourable conduct of his lady; and as he was frequently sent by her to different places on various pretexts, he one evening disguising himself, traced her and Captain Melville to a notorious bagnio in Covent Garden.

Burning with indignation against this serpent which his generous and unsuspecting master cherished in his bosom, and still more enraged against the profligate who seduced his mistress, Kelly bribed a female servant belonging to this Cyprian temple, and was conducted by her

to

to the door of the bed-chamber which contained the delinquents.

By a peep through a crevice in the partition, he was enabled to ascertain his master's misfortune, and being a strong young man, instead of a gentle rap at the door, he put his shoulder to it, and by a violent effort burst it open.

His mistress and her inamarato were nearly in the state of our first parents before the fall, but not quite so innocent. The lady shrieked, and hid herself beneath the bed-cloaths, but the Captain rouzed to resentment, snatched his sword to punish the invader of his pri-

vacy. Before he could draw it, Kelly wrested it out of his hands, broke it over his head, and with a single blow with his fist laid the magnanimous Captain sprawling on the floor.

Kelly then rung the bell with such violence, that several servants came running to the spot, to whom he loudly proclaimed the criminality of Mrs. Sotheran, and declared that his master should not suffer such dishonour without making an example of the offenders. He then went away, and as soon as the amorous Captain recovered from the stupor, occasioned by a contusion in his left temple, he conveyed

veyed the lady in a chair to his lodgings by her own desire, as she was conscious after what had happened, that she could never hope for the forgiveness of her husband.

In the mean while Kelly returned to his master's house. It was past four o'clock in the morning, and nobody up but the porter. In a few minutes Mr. Sotheran arrived from a gaming house, to which he had been introduced by Mr. Hartley, a young gentleman high in his esteem, though too much under the influence of bad habits. Kelly beheld his master with sorrow; he appeared pale and disconcerted, having lost a considerable sum at

play, but he was yet unacquainted with his greatest misfortune.

He enquired whether his wife was gone to her apartment? Kelly sighed deeply, but continued silent, and looking on his master with eyes glistening with compassion. Mr. Sotheran was alarmed, "Is your mistress indisposed?" cried he hastily. "Yes, Sir, and her disease is incurable. Do not be alarmed about her, Sir, she is unworthy of your kindness." "What," exclaimed Mr. Sotheran, in a tone of impatience, "what presumption is this?" "Pardon me, my injured master," replied Kelly, in a tone of respect. "Your wife has abused

your

your generous affection." He then described the recent occurrence at the bagnio, and as Mr. Sotheran had many proofs of his former veracity, no doubt remained of the authenticity of the narrative.

This unexpected misfortune was such an aggravation of Mr. Sotheran's misery, that it almost deprived him of reason. He was conducted by his sympathizing servant to his bed-chamber, and by a refreshing sleep restored to the full possession of his faculties.

On revolving the various transactions of his life in his mind, he discovered that he had been rather

imprudent than criminal; the infidelity of his wife was indeed a dreadful blow, for he loved her; but his honour, his wounded pride, and his reputation all required that an eternal separation should take place. He therefore resolved to avail himself of the law respecting divorce, and in a few months he found himself released from a matrimonial union which had eventually been productive of infelicity instead of happiness.

CHAP-

CHAPTER IX.

Mr. Sotheran embarks for the continent —arrives at Paris—concussions of parties in that capital—description of Robespierre—Mr. Sotheran travels to Switzerland, &c.

MR. Sotheran had now arrived at the termination of his fashionable career. Like other victims of dissipation, he had experienced disgust instead of gratification; all the miseries of wounded sensibility and insulted honour, instead of those incessant enjoyments promised by pleasure; and he found, as myriads had done before him, that the fashionable world was

" A golden but a fatal circle,
" Upon whose magic skirts a thousand devils
" In crystal forms sit tempting Innocence,
" And beck'ning early virtue from its centre."

He now resolved to break the spell which had enchanted him; in other words, he came to a determination to quit those scenes which daily reminded him of his short-liv'd matrimonial felicity, and his subsequent dishonour. While he continued in London, he was exposed to the affected condolence of those whose friendship is ever devoted to opulence, or to the sneers of the numerous fraternity of fashionable coxcombs. He therefore resolved to re-visit the continent, and by a tem-

temporary absence from his country. consign his misfortunes to oblivion.

Attended by his faithful servant Kelly, he embarked at Dover, and on his arrival at Calais, proceeded without delay to the French capital. Paris at this moment was convulsed by the contest of different political parties which sprung up out of the revolution.

Mr. Sotheran, as an Englishman, was received with respect and affection by the real friends of liberty, who wished to establish a political constitution similar to that of England. By the more violent, particularly the members of the club of Jacobins,

Jacobins, he was regarded with suspicion. They fiercely questioned the reputed excellence of the British government, and contended, that a republic alone was suitable to the dignity of the human species.

As Mr. Sotheran was acquainted with many gentlemen of distinction in the French capital, his intercourse with the genteel part of the community was facilitated. Availing himself of these favourable circumstances, he gratified his curiosity by an examination of the variety of truly interesting characters whose talents were roused by the concussion of politics; and amongst other individuals he became acquainted

with

with M. La Fayette, that unfortunate, brave, and loyal individual, who was afterwards immured in a dungeon by the barbarous policy of the inhospitable Germans. The celebrated Condorcet, by his influence contributed much to the information of Mr. Sotheran, whom he introduced to several distinguished members of the National Convention.

At the sittings of that violent assemblage of legislators, whose heterogenous members resembled Chaos before the creation, Mr. Sotheran had an opportunity of contemplating the progress of ambition and patriotism. While many generous

nerous and noble-minded individuals were emulous of popularity by their efforts to establish the liberties of the people upon the firm basis of rectitude; others were wholly intent on aggrandisement and the establishment of an oligarchy.

Among the latter were Marat and Robespierre, whose eloquence so often electrified their auditory, and whose cruelties eventually excited the terror and indignation of their fellow-citizens.

As Mr. Sotheran had been introduced to Robespierre, he had frequent

quent opportunities of conversing with that demagogue, whom he found by no means unsocial; but at once intelligent, polite, and entertaining. In the company of the ladies Robespierre was particularly interesting, and with them he was a general favourite. Their partiality did not arise from their admiration of his person, which was not remarkable for comeliness; but he dressed elegantly, danced well, and was a witty and agreeable flatterer. On all occasions he expressed his devotion to the beauteous sex, and his actions were correspondent to his professions.

Ambition

Ambition at length steeled his heart, and the influence of female beauty was no longer the polar star of this violent politician. Neither smiles nor tears were regarded by a man intent on supreme power, and the cruelties exercised by himself and his underlings, during the short, but destructive reign of terror, were execrable indeed.

The shocking scenes of barbarity exhibited in the open face of day, in the public squares of Paris, excited the abhorrence of Mr. Sotheran, who had the mortification and grief to behold some of his most valuable friends dragged to execution; while others sought safety in voluntary exile.

exile. Hostilities between England and France had now put a stop to the intercourse between the two countries, and Mr. Sotheran thought himself very fortunate on procuring passports for himself and his attendant.

He travelled not without considerable hazard through part of France, and wherever he passed, the vestiges of popular vengeance against the nobility were but too visible. Chateaus in ruins, vineyards neglected, and the fences which had enclosed extensive shrubberies and gardens levelled with the earth.

Instead

Instead of the cheerful song of the joyous village maid, the sigh of unavailing regret were breathed for her absent lover or dear relation, engaged in destructive warfare. Where lately the village youth had amused themselves with their athletic exercises, or shared with the young women in the gaieties of the dance and song, the solitary matron appeared in a pensive attitude, or the old men and boys with feeble hand were engaged in tillage.

Wherever he travelled, he beheld the roads covered with multitudes of volunteers marching to join their countrymen on the frontiers. They were well armed, and the ardour of their

their looks and alacrity of thei motions declared their enthusiasti valour. They marched gaily alon chaunting their favourite *Ca Ira* whilst the tri-colored flag abov their heads

"Wantoned in the idle summer air."

It was impossible to contemplat those generous youthful soldier without emotion, and howeve Mr. Sotheran might execrate th cruelties practiced in Paris under th specious pretext of preserving th liberties of the people, he could no but admire the zeal and intrepidit so energetically and so effectivel exerted by the defenders of th Republic.

Mi

Mr. Sotheran arrived without any accident in Switzerland, a country which, next to England, he considered sacred to liberty. The transition from the splendour and gaiety of Paris to the tranquil simplicity of Berne, was grateful to the heart of the traveller, who resolved to reside for some time in a country whither the contagion of extravagance had never extended. Accordingly he took lodgings at a neat house in the vicinity of Berne, and under the roof of Claude Zolliman, he enjoyed that seclusion which gradually soothed his mind to serenity.

The

The family consisted of Claude, his wife, two sons, and a daughter. The father was a gardener, who found a ready market for his wholesome vegetables in the city; and his wife and daughter regulated their domestic economy by the rules of prudence and temperance. Needlework often engaged the active fingers of Blanche, who, like the rest of the sex, would willingly have decorated a person sufficiently lovely from the hand of nature, but the sumptuary laws of Switzerland prohibited ornament. In her plain sable garb, however, Blanche was so attractive, that a young tradesman of Berne became her avowed admirer. Nor was he treated with dis-

disdain, or the prudish affectation of indifference by the candid maid. Their passion was reciprocal, it was pure and exalted. No sordid idea mingled itself with their honest unalloyed affection, and Guilleaume Varmont was united to his beloved and blushing bride in the presence of their relatives.

As Mr. Sotheran had now resided nearly a year in the family, and his generosity and candour had obtained him a place in the esteem of the gardener, he was admitted to the wedding, and witnessed a scene of primitive festivity as new as it was delightful.

On

On the day appointed for the s
lemnization of the nuptials of t
happy lovers, the bridegroom ca
to claim his bride. He was atte
ded by twelve young men decorat
with wedding favours; an equ
number of young women attend
Blanche, and the party went in
regular procession, preceded by
band of music, consisting of ha
boys, clarionets, and violins; fi
the bridegroom and the bride, th
the young men and women, t
and two, each female walking
the right of her male companic
This youthful train was followed
the gardener and his wife, Mr. S
theran, and a few respectable neig
bours who had been invited.

As this hymeneal party passed along to the church, they were viewed with looks of satisfaction by their fellow-citizens; while the musicians filled the air with harmonious sounds expressive of joy.

After the ceremony, the party returned to the hospitable mansion of the gardener, when a dinner of the choicest viands regaled his guests. In the afternoon a ball was opened by the new-married couple, upon a grass-plot in the garden, and as the weather was fine, and the air mild, the young people continued this amusement till evening, when they were refreshed with coffee, and retired with wishes for the prosperity

and

and happiness of Guilleaume and Blanche.

But curiosity, that active principle, began to revive in the mind of Mr. Sotheran. There was an equable uniformity in the manners of the Swiss, which ceased to charm after a familiar acquaintance.

Their simple habits of industry, the primitive purity of their morals, their temperance, and their piety, were amiable and interesting; but the natural activity of the human mind was repressed by the remoteness of their situation, isolated as it was from the more populous and refined nations of Europe; and Mr.

Sotheran sighed for those enjoyments of society,

" Which give high flavoured life its polish'd zest."

There was a reserve in the manners of the citizens of Berne, which precluded familiarity, and Mr. Sotheran's principal companion during his residence near that city, was his own servant. The conversation of Kelly was indeed entertaining, and his master conscious of his integrity, forgot his subordinate situation.

During their stay at Paris, Kelly had acquired a competent knowledge of the French language, he read

read well, and daily contributed to the amusement of his master by reading the works of the most favourite French and English authors. This rational employment of part of their time relieved the tediousness of seclusion, and Kelly's taste was improved by the critical remarks of his auditor.

In the Autumn of 1797, Mr. Sotheran resolved to revisit Italy. Attended by Kelly, he crossed the Alps, and in a few days arrived in Rome, that celebrated and imperial city, once the arbitress of the world.

Mr. Sotheran took apartments in one of the principal hotels near St.

Peter's Church, and as he had admitted Kelly to the honour of being a travelling companion, and found his natural docility so strong, he took pleasure in describing the most interesting events which had occurred in this renowned capital.

As they passed over the bridge across the Tyber—"On this spot," said Mr. Sotheran, "a single Roman citizen withstood a host, and saved his country." "Is it possible, Sir?" exclaimed Kelly. "Yes," replied Mr. Sotheran, "this act of heroism is recorded in history." "But the invention of gunpowder was then unknown; a cannon-ball would soon have laid him low."

"It

"It probably might, but heroism, like that of Cocles, when combined with talents, and exerted for the defence of a people is commonly fortunate. Nations owe much to the patriotism of individuals, and I heartily agree with the sentiments of a modern poet, who says—

"Let hurels drench'd in pure Parnassian dews,
Reward his mem'ry dear to ev'ry Muse;
Who, with a courage of unshaken root,
In Honour's field advancing his firm foot,
Plants it upon the line that Justice draws,
And will prevail, or perish in her cause.
'Tis to the virtue of such men man owes
His portion in the good that Heav'n bestows:
And when recording History displays
Deeds of renown, though wrought in ancient days,

Tells of a few stout hearts that fought and
died
Where duty plac'd them,—at their country's
side;
The man who is not mov'd with what he reads,
Who takes no part in their heroic deeds,
Unworthy of the blessings of the brave,
Is base in kind, and born to be a slave."

Though much of the ancient grandeur of this magnificent city has been destroyed by the hand of time, several vestiges yet remain of its former extent. Modern Rome is comparatively small, but several of the palaces and public buildings, particularly the churches, are adorned with all the beauties of Grecian architecture.

The

The vast and superb church, dedicated to St. Peter, is deservedly the admiration of strangers, and the pride of the citizens. Its beautiful colonade extending on each side in the form of a crescent; its majestic centre, beautified with the light ornaments of the elegant Corinthian order; and its lofty cupola rising above the circumjacent buildings with simple and superior magnificence, impress the imagination of the beholder with a strong image of the perfection of architecture, and realize the beautiful ideas of Pope—

"'Tis not an eye or lip, we beauty call,
"But the joint force, and full result of all:
"So when we view some well proportioned
"dome,
"The world's just wonder, and e'en thine,
"O Rome!
"No single parts unequally surprise,
"All come united to th' admiring eyes."

From the survey of the city, its edifices, and the fountains which adorn the public squares, Mr. Sotheran turned his attention to the still more grateful contemplation of men and manners. He beheld the Roman citizens in what he considered a state of degradation, compared with the manliness and knowledge which distinguished their ancestors. Instead of being the seat of arts and sciences, Rome was

now

now the dormitory of superstition, one of whose axims was—That Ignorance was the mother of Devotion. The citizens in general were superstitious, luxurious, and indolent. The fatal consequences of absolution were evident in the frequent assassinations which took place, as anger or malice prompted the individual to raise his arm against the life of his fellow citizen. There was no security in such a community; and Mr. Sotheran, after a residence of a few weeks, proceeded to the handsome city of Naples.

In this city he also saw an exhibition of degraded man. Nobility

allowed an uncontrolable reign, and the power of the civil law was insufficient to restrain those Neapolitans, whose opulence could procure every sensual gratification.

By comparing the manners of the Italian with those of the English nobility, Mr. Sotheran perceived with satisfaction the superior virtue of his countrymen. In England, indeed, a few individuals of exalted rank, have, for years, set religion and decency at defiance. P***** descend so low as to associate with knights of industry; nay, panders are admitted into the confidence of men of fortune. Several notorious public characters are, in the strictest sense

sense of the words, "*Scandalum Magnatum*;" nor is there much reason to hope for reformation, when the very persons who ought to be patrons and supporters of national morality, are the accomplices of profligacy and vice.

But although infamy has boldly, and with brazen front, obtruded itself on the public eye, the foulness of dishonour can never be concealed by the glitter of a coronet, or the splendour of equipage and retinue. The nation beholds with regret the infamous career of those who ought to have restrained their passions, and devoted their time, their talents,

and

and their fortune, to the public weal.

But while the victims of folly and dissipation thus pursue with frantic eagerness the fantastic forms of pleasure, numbers of the British nobility are an honour to the human species. The ashes of some noble patriots are not yet cold, and their memory shall never die, whose generous and exalted minds devoted all their energies to the improvement of society.

A Bridgewater, whose unremitted labours contributed to the accomodation of agriculture and commerce; a Bedford, whose liberal hand rewarded

warded the inventor of useful implements of tillage, and whose liberal hand bestowed gifts to the competitors for the prize of superior skill and industry! these noblemen stand conspicuous among the illustrious few who are recorded as the benefactors of their country. Nor are there wanting some living instances of the public spirit and philanthrophy still to be found among our nobility. . . . . .

Whatever objection Mr. Sotheran might feel to the manners of the citizens of Naples, he could not view their city and its charming environs without pleasure, and he amused himself with frequent ex-

cursions on horseback, during which he feasted his imagination with the richest varieties of the Italian landscape.

From the hills beyond Naples he beheld the city proudly towering on the verge of the bay, and exhibiting the beauties of architecture in lofty buildings of stone, palaces adorned with porticoes decorated with marble columns, and regular streets echoing with the sounds of population. The environs of the city presented all the beauties of the shrubbery, the garden, and the grove. Villas peeping amid the foliage of the mulberry tree; parterres fenced with myrtle, and smiling

ing with the various hues of opening flowers; marble fountains dispensing pure waters to mitigate the fervour of summer's heat; vineyards spreading their luxuriant branches, and hills crowned with the majestic oak and lofty elm. The distant Vesuvius appeared in all the terrific grandeur of devastation, like a sleeping giant, who in his rage had demolished all around. The bay gradually expanding till it joined the open sea, and exhibiting on its wavy surface a number of fishing boats and larger vessels in motion; while its fertile shores, down to the verge, were decorated with villas, and cottages environed with green pastures and corn fields.

Such

Such were the delightful scenes which daily contributed to the amusement of Mr. Sotheran; but, when he compared the effeminate Italians with his robust countrymen, he often exclaimed,

"Man is the only growth that dwindles here."

Even at Naples Mr. Sotheran was fortunate enough to meet with estimable characters. In one of his morning rides he stopped near an elegant mansion to view the beauty of an extensive lawn in the front. The owner of the villa politely invited him to alight and walk in; saying at the same time, "As you are, I perceive, an admirer of the beauties of nature, perhaps

haps you will also be gratified with some of the most curious productions of art. I have, in my apartments some of the best paintings of the most celebrated Italian masters."

Mr. Sotheran accepted the invitation, and was conducted by the gentleman through several rooms adorned with the most valuable paintings. He was afterwards introduced by his good-natured inviter to his lady and family, and spent the remainder of the day in that agreeable frame of mind which we feel on a first acquaintance with amiable characters.

If Mr. Sotheran was entertained with the vivacity and cheerfulness of Alberto Estino and his accomplished lady, and their six amiable daughters, they were delighted with the variety of information which he communicated respecting France and England. The pleasure of the visit was also increased by the harmony of vocal and instrumental music, in which Matilda was a proficient, and was also joined by two of her daughters, who had made a considerable progress in this enchanting accomplishment.

A few visits at the villa of Alberto familiarized Mr. Sotheran to the family, and he had frequent opportunities

by way of ransom. Watches and trinkets were immediately offered, but refused, when Mr. Sotheran, who happened to have a purse of gold about him, gave it to the sailors, who wishing the party safe into port, with three cheers rowed off towards the privateer, which lay at anchor at the distance of two miles.

Amid the general congratulations of the company, on their escape from these lawless depredators on such easy terms, they were lavish in their acknowledgments to Mr. Sotheran, and readily offered to refund the money on their return to Naples; but he generously

nerously refused the reimbursements, and the party returned late in the evening to the city.

In the course of the Autumn Mr. Sotheran sailed for Naples in a ship bound for Cadiz, it being his intention to pass the winter in Spain.

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.

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